THE HARVARD VOLUNTEERS IN EUROPE

PERSONAL RECORDS OF EXPERIENCE IN MILITARY, AMBULANCE, AND HOSPITAL SERVICE

EDITED BY

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CAMBRIDGE
HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
LONDON: HUMPHREY MILFORD
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
1916

THE VOLUNTEERS

From fields of toil and fields of play,
Wherever surged the game of life,
All eager for the mightier fray,
They sped them to the clashing strife —

To fight the fight, to heal the hurt,
To sail the chartless tracts of air,
Eyes forward, head and heart alert,
To pay their undemanded share.

For so their Ancient Mother taught,
And so they learned it at her knee —
Where mercy, peril, death are wrought,
There, in the ruck of things, to be.

And thus they wage, with every nerve,
The great day's work — nor that alone,
But, 'neath what flag soe'er they serve,
Brighten the colors of their own.

PREFATORY

AT the outbreak of the European war, during the season of summer travel in 1914, many Harvard men were in Europe. Not a few of them were attached to the United States embassies and legations in the various capitals. The business of these offices immediately became pressing in the extreme. The labors of those officially connected with them were shared at once by volunteers — the first of the Harvard fellowship to offer a helping hand where it was needed in the sudden disorganization of an orderly world. The call to the colors of the various warring nations quickly drew into the conflict those who owed allegiance to one or another flag. In military service, such as that of the Foreign Legion and Flying Corps of the French Army, others have expressed the allegiance of sympathy if not of birth. But it has been in the organization of hospital service and in the work of ambulance corps engaged in the dangerous task of bringing wounded men with all possible speed to the minis-

trations of surgeons and nurses that Harvard has had by far the largest numerical representation. In hospital work it has been even an official representation, for the Surgical Units sent in the spring of 1915 to the American Ambulance Hospital in Paris, and in the summer of the same year to equip a British military hospital in France — a service undertaken originally for three months, but continued until the present time — were Units bearing the name and sanction of the University, through its Medical School. From the Medical School also Professor Strong was detached for his service of world-wide importance in combatting, successfully, the plague of typhus in Servia.

At the end of this volume a list of the Harvard men who have participated in various forms of service, in Europe, in connection with the War — a list for which it is impossible to claim completeness — is printed. It would doubtless be longer if our own affairs on the Mexican border in the summer of 1916 had not drawn thither many young Harvard men of the type chiefly represented among the ambulance drivers in France. A list of those, young and old, who have identified themselves, to not-

able purpose, with relief work in America would be quite unwieldy in its proportions.

Of the more than four hundred men recorded as rendering their personal services in Europe, all but four have helped the cause of the Allies. From this fact it is not fair to draw the overwhelming conclusion that is most obvious. The Harvard Medical School is known to have been ready to undertake the organization of a Surgical Unit for service in Germany, in the event of the German government asking for it as the British government asked for the Unit maintained in France. That Harvard men of German birth and sympathies, led by a spirit of idealism and loyalty, would have given their services to Germany if access to the Teutonic countries had been possible, there can be no doubt.

It is, however, with those who have served, or are serving, in Europe that this volume must deal. From them have proceeded innumerable letters, diaries, and other records, a few of which have been available for the present purpose. The passages here brought together will be found to illustrate both the wide variety of the work in which Harvard

men have been engaged and the zeal they have brought to its performance. It is a matter of regret that, although letters from the German side have been desired and definitely sought, they have not been obtainable. But the collection now offered does not aim at completeness. That must await the end of the War, and a scheme of encyclopedic dimensions. Meanwhile the following pages may contribute something to a knowledge of what has been going on in Europe, and of the part that Harvard men have played in it.

Boston, October, 1916.

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COLONNE D'AMBULANCE, 1ère DIVISION, CAVALERIE BELGE,
December 19, 1914.[1]

WE left Paris on December 7, loaded with every pound we could carry in relief gifts to the Belgian refugees, given by Mrs. H. P. Whitney. We carried two carloads of sweaters, one carload of underclothes, one carload of chocolate and socks, and one car loaded with all the fixings and necessaries for an operating room, given by Mr. Bacon. Altogether it was a splendid freight of American gifts, and I never felt like so real a Santa Claus before.

I have six cars all told.

One 20-horsepower Daimler, and supply car for this; food and spare tires.

One 30-horsepower Daimler ambulance, i. e., the big one you have a picture of, carrying six litters or ten sitting cases.

Four 15-horsepower Daimlers, taking four litters or six sitting cases. . . .

We went to Beauvais the first night, and Samer, near Boulogne, the second, in heavy rain and with a good deal of tire trouble because of our heavy loads. We reached Dunkirk on Tuesday, the 9th, and gave our cargo to the Belgian authorities, who were very

[1] Reprinted from *Boston Evening Transcript*.

much pleased indeed. The operating room was, I believe, put to immediate use.

I tendered the services of myself and my ambulance detachment and was accepted and ordered to report to the *première* division of cavalry. This I at once did. The 1ère Division is made up of the very flower of the Belgian army, largely officered by noblemen. We have been received with the greatest courtesy, and have been assured that the ambulance detachment was a thing of which they were in the greatest need, and that it should have a large number of men who would otherwise have to be left on the field of battle. This, unfortunately, has often happened in the past.

For several days we have been carrying French wounded for a neighboring hospital, and find that our cars are in every way fitted for the work on these northern roads, which are worse than anything we have met before. It rains every day — just like Southern Alaska — and everywhere except the centre of the road, which is apt to be of cobble-stones, is a foot deep in mud. Of course you have got to get off the cobble-stones when you meet artillery or big motor trucks, and it takes a good driver not to stall his car. . . .

FURNES, BELGE, December 25, 1914.[1]

THIS is Christmas night, or rather was, for it is now after midnight, and strangely enough I've had a Christmas dinner. The town is filled with soldiers of many regiments, some marching in from the trenches and others going out. All very quiet but very determined. The main square is a delightful place, with old churches of 1562 and a charming old Hôtel de Ville of the best Flemish architecture. I am "billetted" at the house of the leading lawyer. That is to say, the officer in charge of quartering troops has given me a small document which forces this good gentleman to provide me with a bed and lodging as an officer of the Belgian army. In fact, I am a guest and have just left my host, whose brother has many African trophies here. My room is large, with many paintings of the Dutch and Flemish School, inlaid tables, and best of all, a huge bed, for it is a long time since I have slept in a bed of any kind.

This morning I waked to the distant rumble of guns, but they sounded a long way off, and are so in fact — largely the British ships shelling the German trenches. The battalion to which I am attached, namely cyclists, made up of our cavalrymen whose horses have been

[1] From *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*, February 3, 1915.

killed, left for the trenches this afternoon. We did not go with them because their pace is too slow to be economical for motors, but shall follow tomorrow.

Just before lunch I motored to La Panne, where there is a large hospital in which the Queen herself is interested. I took the surgical shirts which you have sent me as a Christmas gift, and had the satisfaction of giving them and knowing that they were of immediate use, without delay or red tape. I also offered to give a large part of the anaesthetics which you are sending me, but which have not yet reached me. . . .

I went out this morning with Sir Bartle Frere to see a young English doctor who has been with an ambulance attached to the first Belgian artillery division, as we are to the cavalry. He was very glad to see us and it seemed to be quite a part of his Christmas. He told me many interesting things about the work and gave me much valuable information. Unfortunately he has been wounded three times, the last time so seriously that he will not be able to take the field again, if he recovers. I lunched with a company of English ambulance people who are connected with the British Red Cross. They are very pleasant and gave me a lot of chocolate, marmalade, and English cigarettes.

This afternoon we were just putting the cars in the courtyard of the British hospital, when the Germans

took it into their heads to give us a taste of their big guns. The first shot was a beauty, range and deflection perfect, but luckily for us the height of burst a little too great. The report sounded louder than usual and after it we heard the scream of the projectile, then the sharp blast as the shrapnel burst about one hundred and fifty yards short. The bullets struck the building and in the courtyard all around us, but the cars were not hit. A woman in a house about one hundred yards short had her arm taken off by the case.

After that the Germans fired for about an hour. I thought it best to see that the cars would start, in case they wanted us to move the wounded, and imagine our disgust when Gardy's [Gardiner F. Hubbard, '00] car, usually a most docile beast, refused to give even a cough. We had to take down the whole of the gasoline supply system in the dark and found that water from the cursed French " essence " had collected and frozen solid in the pipes. All the while the Germans were shooting. The reports reached us about two or three seconds before we could hear the scream of the shell, so we would flatten up against the wall when we heard a shot and then go to work again. The Germans stopped shooting at about 8.30, and we sat down to our dinner at a little before nine. I was the guest of the small (English) gathering of medical officers and

nurses in Furnes. All were in uniform and just from work. As I was going to wash the grease off my hands before dinner I passed the woman who had been hit by the shrapnel which so nearly got us. She had had her arm amputated, and was just coming out of the ether.

The dinner was much like ours at home — a big U-shaped table for sixty people, with the flags of the Allies draped among the Christmas things of all kinds — bonbons and " crackers " on the table, champagne in the glasses, and best of all, turkey and plum pudding. The man on my right was a " real one "; he owned his own ambulance and has been in it from the beginning. Six weeks ago he was wounded by a bomb from an aeroplane while taking wounded out of Nieuport and he is just back in service again. We drank the health of the Belgian and English kings, and of absent ones, and sang " For he's a jolly good fellow " to several people.

All told, it was a good dinner, and if any one had feelings other than those usual at Christmas, he kept them to himself. The German guns might just as well have been across the Rhine, as across the Yser, as far as our dinner was concerned. That is like the English; the more I see of them, and the Belgians also, the better I like them. It is very late and I cannot write again for some days, for I am busy from early morning to

late evening. Just now that big bed in the corner is too attractive and too unusual to this kind of life to be put aside any longer, and so good night.

Happy New Year.

FURNES, December 31, 1914.[1]

THE last long letter I wrote was Christmas night, and I told you about being shelled and about our Christmas dinner. Well, the next morning I went down to the courtyard of the hospital to do some work on the cars before taking two of them out to the trenches to our battalion, which had just gone in. We were soon interested in an aeroplane which came over us from the north. Just as it reached our zenith there was a zigging sound not unlike a shell, followed by a sharp explosion, and a house about two hundred yards away flew into pieces. The aeroplane had hardly dropped its first bomb when the soldiers came swarming from their houses, and the cracking of rifles sounded on every side, and soon a machine gun got into action, and Furnes was a lively little town. The German did not seem to care, and dropped three more bombs, and then seemed to find it too hot for him and got out — not until, however, he had dipped to give his gunners our range and deflection.

[1] Reprinted from *Boston Evening Transcript*.

That morning I went out to join our battalion just back of the trenches. The roads were *pavés* in the middle and then a drop of anywhere from six inches to a foot and a half in the soft mud. I got forced off by a big motor truck, and laid my best car up with a broken clutch bearing. I was towed home, and in the afternoon again went out with two cars. Placed one with our battalion, and with the other went to a French battery which was in action. The captain had been wounded, and we also picked up two wounded men and took them all straight through to Dunkirk at the request of the medical authorities.

That is why my letter is mailed from Dunkirk. My cars are all now working either with the battalion to which I am attached, or for the Dr. Depage Hospital at La Panne, or the British Hospital here.

Yesterday we had a most interesting, but fatal, exhibition of the combination of gunners and artillery. A Taube came over in the morning, and dropped a bomb, which caused great loss of life. In the afternoon two Taubes came over, and just as one of them got over a certain point it dipped. Hunter and I were on our way up in a motor, and speeded up to get away before the bomb fell. None were thrown, however; instead, the enemy's artillery opened fire. They did not hit this certain place, but the shells did great

damage, and killed a lot of people. Soldiers were *en route* to the trenches.

FURNES, January 24, 1915.

THE morning of the 22d was clear, and, as usual on clear mornings, the German aeroplanes visited us. It was a very wonderful scene — the aeroplanes above, the boom of anti-aircraft guns all about, and the air filled in the neighborhood of the planes with little white puffs of smoke and the bursting of shrapnel. I went down in a motor to Gyzelt to report to my commanding officer, and on the way back saw another aeroplane fight, and shrapnel, and a British biplane to help. One of the Germans dropped a bullet through the petrol tank, and had to come down about two kilometres from Adinkerke. We motored up across the canal in a boat and had a look at the machine — a beauty, and quite uninjured, with a crowd of delighted French and Belgians about it.

That night Carroll left for Paris, and had scarcely gone when the bombardment here began. The operating room was soon filled with wounded — all soldiers this time. Five ambulances, luckily not mine, were smashed, and much damage done. The shooting stopped, and I went to bed and read a novel for a time, but it was not long before I heard the scream of another shell, and turned out to search for wounded.

We spent the night in cellars, but personally I slept pretty well.

Yesterday morning all was quiet until about ten o'clock when the Germans opened fire. I took Vanderaa, a Belgian soldier in my command, and went out into the town. It was the real thing, and plenty of it. I reported for duty to the commanding officer. The staff and most of the motors had gone, and the streets were deserted. I found plenty to do, for the houses were filled with soldiers, and each shell got its quota. We soon filled the cars and returned for more. I took only the wounded, and left the dead where they lay. There was satisfaction in feeling that one was tending to the wounded under fire, and I think I was right in staying here. After the shelling stopped, we took all the nurses from the hospital and large numbers of old and crippled civilians to places of safety. One of the nurses, however, was seriously wounded, and will lose her leg.

LIFE AND DEATH IN THE TRENCHES

EARLY in the War, André Chéronet Champollion, '02, a naturalized American citizen of French descent, enlisted in the French Army. He was a grandson of the late Austin Corbin and a great-grandson of Jean François Champollion, the eminent Egyptologist who deciphered the Rosetta Stone. A painter by profession, he was also a hunter of big game and had lived much in the open. Yet without military training, he began his army life as a private in a platoon of candidates at Sens. There his hope was to be " sent to the front to fill the gaps left by other petty officers, who have been ' knocked in the block.' If I behave myself at the front, I may get promoted to adjutant or second lieutenant." On March 1, 1915, he went to the front, and wrote the first of the two following letters to his friend, Anton Schefer, '03, of New York. The second letter, dated March 20, was written only three days before he fell at Bois-le-Prêtre, in France, killed by a bullet in the forehead.

At the Front, March 1, 1915.[1]

It may interest you to know that this letter is written in the trenches, thirty yards away from the enemy's lines, with the continual crashing of artillery all around and the shells whizzing directly over our heads. I have indicated by cross every time a shell passes over us during the composition of this note. If I punctuated the explosions, I should have to stop between each letter. It is astonishing how quickly one gets used to the racket. The first two or three times you lower your head involuntarily, and then you take the noise as a matter of course. We are in a forest in a regular labyrinth of trenches, some entirely underground, and we are plastered with mud from head to foot. It is a life of filth and misery beyond description, but so extraordinarily novel and interesting that, strange as it may seem, I am in good spirits. I have only been here twenty-four hours, and I dare say when the novelty wears off that I shall get damned sick of it. This morning it snowed and rained, but this afternoon a cold wind is blowing and the sun is out. . . .

Before leaving Sens, I passed the medical examination and was given my outfit. The uniform consists of light blue cap and coat, with dark blue trousers. We

[1] From *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*, April 7, 1915.

have to carry, besides gun, knapsack and cartridge belt, a canvas tent with pegs (cracking of German rifles at our trench) our rug and rubber sleeping-bag, a gourd full of fire-water of some kind; and two small canvas bags filled with odds and ends, most of which cannot be used, soon get lost or get caked with mud. The whole weighs about thirty-five or forty pounds, and at first you feel as if you had another man on your back. We left Sens at night, and spent twenty-four hours huddled in third-class carriages. The next night we spent in rather clean barracks, where they actually supplied us with cots instead of straw bedding. The next morning another trip by rail. At about ten o'clock we were landed at an unattractive village, where we were made to stack arms in the mud of a vegetable garden. . . . Here we saw some of the wounded on their way to the rear. Some were merely sick, others minus a leg or arm. We also began hearing the roar of distant artillery and saw some aeroplanes and observation balloons.

That night we spent on the straw, and the next day, after a march through the rain, we got to the last settlement before getting to the trenches. This place was full of soldiers who had been to the front, judging from the dilapidated and filthy condition of their uniforms. They looked at us with curiosity, in our new outfits, and seemed to consider us like tenderfeet, especially

those of us who were going under fire for the first time. At about three o'clock we (about three hundred men) halted in a wood and were given our final instructions. We then marched along a muddy road (nothing unusual by the way) and soon entered the long communication-trench, single file, which was to lead us to the second and first line of trenches. During this time the roar of guns were quite perceptible, to say the least, and now the first shells went whizzing over our heads above the trees.

The trenches are lines, one behind the other of course, but joined together in all directions by every kind of communication-trench, like the streets of a city, for a man never shows his head above ground. There are all kinds of subterranean cells and passages; also one has to sleep under ground, wallow in the mud, eat in the mud. Our hands and faces, our uniforms, above all our feet, are caked with it all day. The sleeping quarters are fairly well protected from the rain, but the greatest hardships are the mud, the wet, the inability to wash the slightest bit, as water — except rain — is very rare — and for me who am tall, the continual necessity of stooping down so as not to get my head knocked off by the enemy's snipers. We are given plenty to eat. The men's spirits are pretty good. It is marvellous what you can stand when you are obliged

to. Gosh, think of kicking in a New York restaurant because the service is not up to the mark!

Last night we slept in the sleeping cells of the second line trenches (not so bad) but today we are nose to nose with the enemy on the frontiest of fronts. We live the lives of woodchucks whose holes are within forty yards of Kimton's [a New Hampshire hunter's] front door. We are not troubled by bomb or shell explosions because we are so near the enemy. Their artillery fire might damage their own men along with ours. It is the damnedest life imaginable. In some ways it is better than Sens . . . for you really feel as if you were in the game. All the petty annoyances of Sens are over. You are no longer treated like an irresponsible ass, but like a man, though you live the life of a beast or of a savage. . . .

I forgot to mention the fact that we are also protected by rapid fire guns, completely under cover, in cells like those in which we sleep. The cannonading goes in wave motions. For an hour, like 11 to 12 this morning, it may be very violent, then calm down and then begin again.

AT THE FRONT, March 20, 1915.[1]

SIX days ago we left the village of "Dunghurst" at two in the morning and got back to the trenches at

[1] From *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*, April 28, 1915.

about eight, that is, six hours later. When we first entered the long communication-trench, things seemed pretty quiet. Only a shot and an explosion at long intervals could be heard. We had travelled along the communication-trench about half an hour, and were about to enter our shelters in the second line trenches when not far away came two fairly loud bomb explosions in quick succession. Then the earth seemed all of a sudden to reel. There was a commotion like the bursting asunder of a volcano. Two hundred yards off, above the trees, a column of huge rocks, lumps of earth, tree-trunks, and probably numerous human limbs, rose slowly and majestically. The upper fragments, as they rose, seemed to advance menacingly in our direction, as if they must surely hit us when they returned to earth. They seemed suspended in the air for an indefinite space of time, as if there was no hurry at all about their falling back. They seemed to cross and criss-cross in all directions, now obscuring half the sky. Gradually the mass assumed the shape of the upper portion of an elm tree, and then began to subside. Then could be heard the smashing sound of the tree branches as this mass of rock and earth fell back with the crushing force of an avalanche. Everybody ducked and plunged head first into the shelters.

Almost immediately there came the sound of thousands of heavy rain drops on a stiff canvass or the snapping of innumerable small whips; all this punctuated by a peculiar bizz, bizz, whizz sound like someone whistling in surprise. I could not help making the inward remark, " I knew war was tough, but look here, boys, isn't this a bit too rough ? " It seemed that the Germans had exploded a mine under one of our trenches, then opened a violent fusillade to capture what remained of it. Being second line troops just arrived from resting up, we were not required to fight. We consequently were huddled together in a bomb-proof shelter, packed all day like sardines, but quite satisfied to remain where we were, while above our heads shot and shell seemed to pass for several hours with unexampled violence. That night also was "stormy," but since then, that is for the last five days, there has been little else but sniping and desultory firing by the artillery. In the above action we lost sixty men killed and two hundred wounded, but the enemy failed to capture the trench and lost a few yards of one they had held the day before.

The day after the explosion I saw many dead and wounded men carried out of the trenches on stretchers. Some of the wounded seemed more mauled than some of the dead. Behind a hedge at the end of the com-

munication-trench, which hedge is erected to conceal our movements, I counted twenty-five dead men lined up for burial. Their faces were usually concealed by part of their uniforms, but their arms assumed every imaginable attitude, gestures of prayer, attitudes of men pleading, some even seemed threatening. Here and there big red gashes and splotches indicated where they had been hit. A few men are hit every day by the desultory artillery fire and the sniping.

All the trees in this wood show signs of the punishment they have received. Whole acres are shaved down, trees two feet in diameter have been broken in two like matches by 210 mm. shells. Almost all have lost branches. Their trunks are all scarred by bullet holes and scratches.

In the second line trenches we live the lives of convicts at hard labor. Either we have to dig more trenches or carry heavy logs, iron bars, bales of hay, etc., from the outside, along the communication-trench to where we are "lodged," a distance of about half a mile. As the communication-trenches are always congested with men coming and going, this work is all the more irksome.

We live like swine. There is no water, so we never wash or even brush our teeth. We are not allowed to drink water. We simply live in filth. At night we are

huddled together in a small bomb-proof or covered trench. Though we are pretty well protected from the weather and bullets, we have hardly room enough to turn around in. We use candles to light up this terries, but nevertheless everything gets lost or hopelessly dirty. We eat from the pail, and can get or send for all the red or white wine we want. In the morning, besides tepid coffee, we are given a swig of rum which warms our stomach and starts the blood going. This small pleasure and continued pipe smoking are about our only joys — but hold — there is also our mail, which we get fairly regularly.

There is no longer a ghost of a chance for me to be made interpreter. Write often, old top.

Your faithful friend,

"CHAMPY."

THE TOMMIES' PHILOSOPHY

ANOTHER letter from the trenches should be added to these of Champollion. It was written to Professor C. T. Copeland, by a young Englishman, Harry Gustav Byng, a graduate of Harvard in 1913, who enlisted as a private in the London Artists' Rifles early in the War, and, at the date borne by his letter, was on the point of receiving a

commission in the 2d Border Regiment. On March 22, 1915, he was married in London to an American. On May 16, he was killed near Festubert in France. In the light of Byng's brief career as a private and officer, his letter carries with it more than its manifest simplicity.

March 5, 1915.

I HAVE been over here since last October. I enlisted in a regiment which is composed entirely of University men — named "the Artists" — but I am now going to take a commission. Life is much more simple and pleasant as a private amongst friends; but they need officers who have had a certain amount of experience, so there is no help for it.

Trench life, of which luckily I have not had so much as a good many others, is at times monotonous and at times exciting. Last week when out scouting in a mist, I ran into a German patrol — then it was exciting. At the present moment I am sitting in a "dug out," while our gunners and the Germans are having some practice — this is monotonous. At first you worry about the landing places of the shells, but there are so many different noises, that not being able to keep track of them all, it is simpler to ignore them. "Yer never 'ears the bullet wot cops yer"

is the Tommies' philosophy — and it is the best one. . . .

Do not believe the stories you hear about the apathy of England. Racing may continue, and probably our respectable cricket will commence at the regular date — that I suppose is our nature, but we are in earnest about this war. Whenever peace may be, you may be sure it will only be after our job is finished. Personally I hope to be in Boston again this year.

AN ILLUSTRATED LETTER

THE scenes at the front are for the most part illustrated by graphic words. In a letter from Pierre Alexandre Gouvy, recently of the Business School, the pen was put to this double use:

therefore I sit down and proceed at once to give you a detailed account of my actual life, hoping that the censorship will be kind enough to let it get through. My battery is somewhere near the small city which this hasty sketch will certainly recall to your mind.

Our position is about one mile from the city, and two miles from the German trenches. the guns have been hidden in an orchard,

and the men, when they are not firing the guns, spend their time in the cellars of this house of which nothing is left but the four walls. the battery is commanded by a very nice captain, and there are two lieutenants, another one and me. We spend alternatively one day in the cellar and one day in a room we have in the city and which has been spared by the shells up to this time. In the cellar we are on duty, and in the city we can sleep, shave, read, write letters, and have comfortable meals and dry feet.

Well, Thursday night I returned in town after spending 24 hours in the cellar. Had a lovely bath and a clean shave, then supper with my captain who comes back every night.

AN ILLUSTRATED LETTER

We sleep on the floor. (that is on.... I don't remember the word just now) we have stretched out on the floor. It might be quite comfortable if guns of all kinds were not going [illegible] on both sides all the night through — and it makes an awful noise. On Friday morning I woke up at 7. The captain was just leaving for his observation post. Had a [illegible] cup of coffee, and got up at 9. Spent the morning wandering among the ruins of the poor little city. At 11.30 I sat down before an exquisite luncheon, with coffee and a good pipe of English tobacco at the end. Then I proceeded to read a book about the history of Belgium, but was several times obliged to leave it on the table and run down in the cellar when shells made their way into neighboring houses. The other day a so-called "marmite" (that is a shell [illegible] of 280 centimeter) fell on the house next to ours, and the next second the house was lying flat across the street.

At 5 PM, when night had come, I left the city, and went to our country place. As said before it's only one mile to walk, but bullets from the trenches are whistling to one's ears all the way down to the battery, and I feel always happy and thankful when I get there without being shot.

Now I had to spend 24 hours in that cellar, where the floor always is under 2 inches of muddy and cold water. First of all I had to take a look at the guns and give orders for the case of a night's [illegible] shooting. Then I sat down, and my supper was brought from the city in a little basket.

PIERRE ALEXANDRE GOUVY

You will certainly think that I write too much about our meals - It's the most important part of my life, together with sleep. Therefore don't complain. I might say much more about it than I do.

At 9 P.M. I went to bed - a kind of bed like those we used to have at Skarn's camp - It is a potatoe heap with straw on top of it - quite comfortable, I can tell you -

I certainly should have slept there like a king all night through, if the fool who is commanding in the first line trenches had not called me to the phone at 10 P.M and at 3 A.M - I had to get up, wade through the cellar, swear at the man, and then talk politely with him about the opportunity of sending a couple of shells on the German trenches -

Today I woke up at 7, and got up as soon as the ~~cellar~~ water was taken out of the cellar - Not much going on. The weather was fine, and lots of aeroplanes compelled us to remain in our shelter - We could only get a few shots at a house where German artillery observers had been seen. I spent the day reading, smoking, eating and drinking - Darkness came again, and I returned to the city where I had supper an hour ago

And now to bed. Excuse me if this is not very clear nor well written — I've done my best. With best wishes from

Pete

Jan. 30, 15

A ZEPPELIN OVER PARIS

FROM the front it is not a far cry to Paris, where, two days after Champollion wrote the letter just given, Francis Jaques, '03, then associated for more than two months with the "American Distribution Service" of the American Clearing House in Paris, gave, in a letter to his family, the following description of a stirring spectacle.

PARIS, March 22, 1915.[1]

SATURDAY night, or rather early Sunday morning, the Germans treated us to the long-expected spectacle of a Zeppelin raid on Paris. They hoped without doubt to strike terror to the hearts of the population of Paris. . . . They only succeeded in treating the city to a most interesting spectacle, and in making everyone feel that one had not been waked for nothing.

Four Zeppelins started for Paris; two were headed off, and two flew over the northwestern part of the city. I was sleeping peacefully at 10 rue Chapini, in my small apartment near the Étoile, when I was

[1] From *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*, May 5, 1915.

awakened by the firing of cannon, about 2 A.M. I stumbled out of bed, trying to make out whether I was in Dunkerque, or Calais; and finally waked up enough to realize that I was in Paris, and that the Zeppelins must be coming at last. I went out on my balcony, which commands a view over the house-tops in every direction, except the southeast, and saw the shells from the French guns describing great arcs across the sky, passing over my house. I could see nothing in the way of Zeppelins, and so went in again and dressed, and then took up my position at the corner of my balcony, where I could see the whole sky. It was a wonderful, starry, cold, clear night. Search-lights were playing about the heavens in every direction searching the skies, and below in the streets I could hear the " pompiers " in their automobiles, rushing through the city, warning people by their " honk-honk," and their bugle calls of " garde à vous " to seek refuge in the cellars. It was good advice; but Paris was out to see a Zeppelin, and the balconies had as many people as the cellars.

As I was watching a great beam of light to the northwest playing up and down, I suddenly saw something bright, like a white moth, shine out in the path of light; the search-light swept up again, and there it was like a long, white cigar in the sky. At last I was look-

ing at a Zeppelin — Paris had not been waked up in vain. I could not have been better placed to see it. On it came towards the Étoile, always followed by the great search-light. It looked like a white Japanese lantern, lighted up inside, with the light shining through the paper. Of course it carried no lights; but the search-light gave it that effect. The light seemed to play along its sides in ripples as on the water. When about one thousand yards from where I was, it gradually swung round broadside and started off to the east over the northern part of the city.

In the meantime the French cannon were firing away at it. Some shells were coming from my left near the Bois, others passing over my head from behind, and others from the Arc de Triomphe to my right. It was a wonderful sight, as the shells — like great round red balls of fire — described their arcs against the starry sky. I could follow each shell, and involuntarily, I found myself saying "Pas assez loin," "Trop à gauche," as though I were at some kind of a tremendous big game-hunt. At all the balconies, I could hear the same remarks, as each one followed the course of each shell with passionate interest. I could distinctly see the two passenger-baskets under the balloon part of the Zeppelin. Suddenly, just as the shells began to fall near the Zeppelin,

it disappeared out of the beam of light, and that was the last I saw of it, while over the city we could distinctly hear the roar of the motors, like a train of cars in the distance.

About 5 A.M. the "pompiers" went about to let people know that all the Zeppelins had gone off. I am sorry that they did not bring at least one of them down to earth to put with the other trophies at the Invalides. Of course, the shots fired at them while there over the city were more to drive them off, than to bring them down, as it would have been dangerous to have brought down a "*160 mètres*" Zeppelin on the roofs.

AT THE AMERICAN AMBULANCE HOSPITAL

IN the spring of 1915 an opportunity was presented to the Harvard Medical School to provide a Surgical Unit for a three months' term of service at the American Ambulance Hospital in Paris. One American medical school, that of the Western Reserve University in Cleveland, was represented there by such a unit, from January to April, under Dr. George W. Crile. Units from other schools were to follow. The University had no free funds available for a purpose so remote from the usual objects of expenditure. Through the generosity of Mr. William Lindsey, of Boston, not a graduate of Harvard, who placed the sum of $10,000 at the disposal of the Corporation for the cost of this humane service, the University was enabled to undertake it. In March a well-equipped Unit of surgeons and nurses, with Dr. Harvey Cushing, Moseley Professor of Surgery, as surgeon-in-chief, and Dr. Robert B. Greenough, Assistant Professor of Sur-

gery, as executive officer, set sail for France. Two letters from Dr. Greenough, some passages from the diary kept by Dr. Cushing during his term of service, and a passage from a letter of Dr. George Benet, reveal something of the circumstances and value of the work in which this Unit was engaged.

PARIS, April 8, 1915.[1]

I HAVE been waiting until we should get a little organized to write to you and report on our journey and arrival here. We came through with very little difficulty, and reached Paris on the morning of the 1st of April. The only misfortune we had at all was that some of our personal baggage was left behind in Spain and has not yet reached us, but we are still hopeful. The crossing was comfortable and interesting, but we saw nothing exciting until we were held up by a torpedo boat off Gibraltar.

We came at once to the Hospital on reaching Paris and took over the University Service of one hundred and sixty-two beds, which at that time contained one hundred and sixty patients.

The Cleveland people had all gone but one, as they had to get a steamer at Liverpool on the 31st. We have four nurses and five house officers living in the

[1] From *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*, April 28, 1915.

Hospital; the rest of us are in a pension in Passy, about twenty minutes' walk. We are very comfortably installed in what under ordinary conditions is a girls' school. We have the house to ourselves, an American lady and her French husband take very good care of us, and we feel that we have fallen on our feet.

I am in charge of the General Service, and Dr. Cushing is taking on the nerve cases which are quite numerous, I should say thirty or thirty-five at present, although not many of them are immediately operable. Dr. Osgood, who, as you know, specializes in orthopedics, has found a great many cases which he is interested to work over, and the rest of us have our hands full with the regular work.

The shipment of supplies which left Boston the week of March 7 began to arrive in Paris yesterday, so that we expect to receive dressings regularly from now on. We had to buy a certain number of instruments and special apparatus, white hospital clothes, and laboratory outfit. We have not yet got our anaesthesia apparatus working, but things are progressing. Everyone has been very cordial to us, and they seem ready to do anything we ask to make us comfortable.

The experience is extraordinarily interesting, and I feel that it has been worth while to come over for what we have already had. . . .

Strong leaves us Saturday or Monday and we shall miss him sorely. He has helped us to get the laboratory equipped, and Benet and Rogers will carry on the work under his general outline; but I wish we could have kept him longer, although the work he goes to in Serbia is of infinitely greater importance; he is apparently to have charge of the whole commission which includes a large group of English and French medical men, in addition to the men from home. . . .

Sincerely yours,

ROBERT B. GREENOUGH.

FROM DR. CUSHING'S DIARY

Saturday, April 24, 1915.[1]

LA CHAPELLE

SOME time since, I followed for you as well as I could, the *blessés* from the *Poste de Secours* to the *Gare Régulatrice*, and this afternoon in response to a call to the Ambulance for all of our many cars, I went with them to La Chapelle, the present Paris distributing station.

It was very funny — our start. We had been at work all the morning, and about 1.30 I learned by mere chance from Dr. Gros that there was such a call, and expressed a desire to go down with the Ambulance

[1] From *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*, May 26, 1915.

drivers, and he said I might go in his motor, which would be better, but that we must leave about 2.00 — the train was due at 2.30 — and, moreover, that I had better stop at our lodgings and put on my uniform, for most of us have provided ourselves with the Hospital khaki uniforms which they like to have us wear more than we do. There was room for another, so B—'s eager face left no question as to who should go. We had lunch, learning there that Gros had been detained so that we were to go in a militarized car with a Mr. Lemoyn instead.

Well, by this time B— had secured an excited permission from O— to borrow his uniform, and we left for 163 *bis* Ave. V. H. B— dashed in, unlocking the gate and front door as though the house were afire — found Mrs. O— and Miss H— quietly playing duets on the piano, breathlessly commandeered Dr. O—'s uniform, for they were waiting for us in a motor and we were due at the station at 2.30, and were going to *Neuve* Chapelle, and there was no time to lose. Well, there was much scurrying, for the ladies thought at the very least that we had been summoned to the line to operate upon some generalissimo, and B— himself, at this stage, had a very confused idea of what and where La Chapelle was. He got into O—'s uniform by magic, over-large and over-long as it was, and was ready by

the time I could get on my ambulance overcoat and put on some heavy boots, for it's still raw and wet hereabouts. And so we sallied out, but before we had gone a block, off flew B—'s cap, which, after its rescue, was strapped under his chin, and without further incident we reached the station, way across Paris at the northeast edge of the city.

Red Cross ambulances of every pattern, and from a great many hospitals, were being picked up from all sides as we neared our destination — a rather unusual sight here at mid-day, as the authorities do not like to have the recent wounded going through the street by day even though it be in closed cars, and the larger number of our admissions as a matter of fact occur in the late hours or at night.

It was a very impressive sight. A large, high building, once a freight-shed, I presume, possibly two hundred and fifty feet long, has been transformed for the present purpose, and the train runs in on a single track behind a curtained-off side of the building — curtained off by a heavy black, huge canvas curtain, which opens at one place through which the wounded successively come — first the *petits blessés*, on foot, then the men in chairs, then the *grands blessés*, on stretchers.

The impressive thing about it is that it is all so quiet — people talk in low voices — there is no hurry, no

shouting, no gesticulating, no giving of directions — nothing Latin about it whatsoever. And the line of men, tired, grimy, muddy, stolid, uncomplaining, bloody; it would make you weep. Through the opening in the curtain through which you could see one of the cars of the train, they slowly emerged, one by one, cast a dull look around, saw where they were to go — and then doggedly went, one after the other, each hanging on to his little bundle of possessions; many of them Arabs, though for the most part downright French types. Those with legs to walk on had heads or bodies or arms in bandages or slings, to hurriedly apply which day before yesterday uniforms and sleeves had been ruthlessly slit open. Not a murmur — not a grunt — limping, shuffling, hobbling — in all kinds of bedraggled uniforms — whether the new grey-blue ones, or the old dark blue and red-trowsered ones — home troops or African Zouaves, and occasionally a marine; for they too have been in the trenches of late.

The procession wound directly by us, for the American Ambulance drivers are privileged to go into this part of the shed, owing to their known willingness to lend a hand. They were sitting in a quiet group, evidently moved, though many of them had been through the Marne days when cattle trains would come in with wounded on straw, without food or water for two or

more days — stinking and gangrenous. Things of course are very different now, and here at La Chapelle where Dr. Quenu, of Hôpital Cochin reputation, has finally gotten a very perfect system arranged, out of the demoralization of those days when any system would have broken down.

It has been only two days since these fellows were hit, and many of them, regarded as sitting cases, have stuck it out and thought they could walk off the train; but not all could. One poor boy collapsed before us, and they put him on a stretcher and took him to the emergency booth. Others had to be helped, as they walked on between the two rows of booths to the farther end of the building, where were two large squares of benches, arranged in a double row about an open perforated iron brazier in which a warm charcoal fire was glowing; for as I've said, it's a cold, raw, and drizzly afternoon. There was a separate table for the slightly wounded officers, of whom there were some six or eight.

The wounded all have their tags dangling from a button somewhere — a tag from the *Poste de secours*, another from the *Ambulance de première ligne*, and possibly one or two more, indicating where they have been stopped for a dressing — and in addition, on the train, to save trouble, each has been chalked some-

where on his coat with a big B (*blessé*) or M (*malade*) so that they can be sorted readily. The booths of which I have spoken and into which the stretcher cases are distributed are merely little frame — perhaps cardboard — houses, five or seven in all, occupying the farther half of the building. Each has a different color — red, green, yellow, grey, brown.

It was soon whispered about that this lot had come from Ypres, and that they had all suffered greatly from some German *gaz asphyxiant*, but I hardly believed the tale, or thought I had misunderstood, until this evening's *communiqué* bears it out. Many of them were coughing, but then most of the wounded still come in with a bronchitis. We have heard rumors for some days of a movement of German troops in the direction of Ypres, and this attack is apparently the result — an attack against a weak spot at the junction of the English left and the Franco-Belgian lines, as I understood it — hence these French wounded from the English section. But this will clear up tomorrow.

The little houses of varied colors were all very neat in appearance, and were surrounded by palms and green things, so that the place was quite attractive, and by the time the wounded were all out, many Red Cross nurses were giving them hot soup and other things, ending up with the inevitable cigarette. The men were

quiet, immovable, sitting where and how they first slumped down on their benches. No conversation — just a stunned acceptance of the kindly efforts to comfort them.

Meanwhile Quenu and his assistants were going about listing the men and distributing them as they saw fit among the hospitals which had indicated the space at their disposal. Our drivers had handed in the number of their cars and the number of patients the Ambulance Hospital could take — possibly fifty, I'm not quite sure — and we finally went away with perhaps twenty — a large proportion of the two hundred and fifty who came in, as a matter of fact.

I looked over the list of hospitals posted on the wall with some amazement — they were grouped under the following heads:

1. *Hôpitaux Militaires*, e. g., Val de Grâce, etc.; 4 in all, with their dependencies.

2. *Hôpitaux Complémentaires* for each of above 4, as at the Grand Palais, etc.

3. *Hôpitaux Auxiliaires* de la Croix Rouge; 105 in all, *de la Société de Secours aux blessés militaires.*

4. *Hôpitaux de l'Union des Femmes de France;* 86 in all.

5. *Hôpitaux de l'Association des Dames Françaises;* 99 in all.

6. *Hôpitaux Indépendants;* The English Hospital, Rue de Villiers, L'Ambulance Américaine at Neuilly.

7. *Hôpitaux et Hospices Civils;* 25 of the Assistance Publique, i. e., the Civic hospitals and 30 of the environmental towns.

8. *Convalescents;* 10 as at the École Militaire, etc.

9. *Établissements de l'oeuvre d'assistance aux convalescents militaires*, etc.

10. A new list of 25 additional hospitals recently added.

The numbers ran up to one thousand and fourteen, though this is really more than they represent, as the individual groups begin their enumeration with one hundreds. But there must be at least four hundred to five hundred.

Quenu, though busy, was very polite — they all are — and pretended he knew me, and asked if I would like to see the room where the *petits pansements* were being made — which I did and found a chance not only to lend a hand myself, but to call on B— and some of the Ambulance drivers. Among the several who had been singled out as needing immediate dressings, because of pain or dislodged bandages, or recent bleeding, was the poor boy we had seen collapse as he walked out of the train. He had a high fever and a trifling bandage on his badly fractured arm. This was enough,

but when the young doctor cut off his six layers of clothing, there was an *undressed* chest wound in his right pectoral region, and we sat him up and found the wound of exit near the scapula in his back — at which the boy said, "*C'est bon, je guérirai.*" He was in our lot, and I saw him landed later at Neuilly spitting blood.

The evacuation was very orderly and quiet — the drivers got their slips at the bureau, and the color of the houses where they would find their man, and each answered to his name when it was called out, and was carried away to the waiting ambulance and slid in — three in each Ford car for the *couché* patients — men on their faces or their backs, some propped up on pillows and knapsacks — any position to find a spot to lie on that didn't hurt — but not a complaint or a groan.

When we got back to the Ambulance the air was full of tales of the asphyxiating gas which the Germans turned loose on the men Thursday — but it was difficult to get a straight story. A huge, rolling, low-lying greenish cloud of smoke with yellowish top, began to roll down on them from the German trenches, fanned by a steady easterly wind. At the same time there was a terrific, heavy bombardment. The smoke was suffocating and smelled to one like ether and sulphur,

to another like a sulphur match times one thousand — to still another like burning rosin. One man said that there were about one thousand Zouaves of the *Bataillon d'Afrique* in the lines, and only sixty got back — either suffocated or shot as they clambered out of the trenches to escape. Another of the men was "*au repos*" 5 km. away, and he says he could smell the gas there. He, with his fellows, was among those of the reserves who were called on to support the line, but by the time they got up, the Germans were across the canal, having effectively blown up their smudge. They seem to have been driven out later, or at least these men thought they had been. We'll have to await the official *communiqués*, and perhaps not know even then. In any event, there's the devil's work going on around Ypres, and the heralded "spring drive" seems to have been initiated by the Germans.

We got back in time to see the men brought in, and when I finally got up to our operating room — lo and behold — there was B—, getting his photograph taken, his cap still strapped down, and filling O—'s uniform as best he could.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM DR. GREENOUGH[1]

THE AMERICAN HOSPITAL OF PARIS,
SECTION FOR THE WOUNDED,
May 22, 1915.

ON reaching Paris, April 1st, the Harvard Unit took over a service of one hundred and sixty-two beds in the American Ambulance. Since that time, other beds have been added to the service until we now have something over one hundred and ninety beds. For a week or so after we first came, not all the beds were filled, but for the last three weeks we have had practically no empty beds. Thirty-three cases in twenty-four hours is the largest number of admissions we have had, and sixteen major operative cases has been our heaviest operative day.

The virulent infections with gas-producing organisms, of which there were a number of cases early in April, have become less common as the season advanced and warm and dryer weather followed the cold and rainy period of the early spring. Most of our cases reach us on the second or third day after injury. The wounds are usually infected when we get them. In April almost every wound showed gas-bacilli, on

[1] From *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*, June 23, 1915.

culture. In May the proportion of such cases has fallen off materially. At present the ordinary pus-producing organisms are the ones most commonly found in cultures of fresh wounds. Almost every wound contains more or less of the clothing of the soldier, carried in by the missile, but the wounds produced by shell fragments are more frequently contaminated in this way than the bullet wounds. The bullet wounds are the most common injuries, followed closely by wounds from shell fragments. Shrapnel injuries are much less common.

Soldiers severely wounded in head, spine, or abdomen, are not easily transportable, and therefore do not reach the base hospitals like this one. Most of our cases are penetrating or perforating wounds of the soft parts, with or without bone injuries. The bone cases are among the worst with which we have to deal. A septic compound fracture of such long bones as the humerus or the femur is a very difficult case to handle. In almost every case the bone is shattered into many little pieces, and these bone fragments are driven into the tissues in every direction and act like foreign bodies, to prevent healing until they are removed. We have been greatly helped in our work on these cases by plaster and metal splints devised for each individual case by Dr. Osgood.

Up to May 20th, including the cases we took over when we first came, we have had three hundred and seventy cases on our service. We have had three deaths, (1) brain abscess and meningitis, (2) perforations of the lung and hemorrhage, and (3) diffuse perforative peritonitis; the last case died ten minutes after entrance to the hospital. . . .

Among the most interesting operations have been cerebral cases upon which Dr. Cushing operated. In two of these cases he was able to remove shell fragments from the brain, by use of the electro-magnet. Dr. Cushing had also two cases of peripheral nerve injury, one a plastic upon the facial nerve, and another upon the musculo-spiral.

Dr. Vincent has had one case for transfusion at this hospital, and demonstrated his method of performing this operation; also at Dr. Carrel's Hospital in Compiègne. There have been other cases in this hospital on other services where Dr. Vincent's apparatus has been used. Dr. Osgood has had a number of orthopedic cases for operation, lengthening tendons, and so on, and has contributed very materially to the success of the general service by devising and applying apparatus for retaining the position of difficult compound fractures. On the general service, we have had a number of bone cases for operation, plating fractures of the

femur, tibia and jaw, and a plastic on a jaw with the insertion of a bone graft from a rib. We have been very fortunate so far in that we have had no cases that required amputation on our service, and no cases of secondary hemorrhage have occurred, although both conditions are ordinarily to be expected in a service such as this.

The moral and physical condition of the French soldiers has made a very favorable impression upon all of us. Some of the wounded reach us in a state of very great physical and mental depression. This is not unnatural under the circumstances, in spite of the very excellent system of hospital trains which has been established by the French Government for the transport of wounded from the evacuation hospitals to the base hospitals. These trains are well equipped for ambulatory and stretcher cases, and are used exclusively for this service; they arrive in Paris at the freight station at La Chapelle, as a rule, sometime in the night. The station has been equipped with portable houses erected on the platform, and a competent staff of orderlies, surgeons and nurses is on hand to take the wounded from the train, feed them, do emergency dressings, and attend to their distribution among the many military hospitals in and about Paris. The distribution of these cases is accomplished in a very

orderly manner, and the whole system of handling the wounded even under stress is working well. We were told that two thousand wounded were brought to Paris by these trains in one twenty-four hour period after the fighting at Ypres.

There are many Red Cross Hospitals in operation in Paris, beside the American Ambulance, although that is the largest one outside of the regular French Military Hospitals. The Russians and the Japanese have each a hospital in Paris, and the English have a large hospital at Versailles. Most of the English wounded, however, are now evacuated to the Channel ports and carried immediately to England. We have about eight English in the American Ambulance, and almost all are cases that have been in the hospital for a long time. An American from the Foreign Legion was brought to the hospital the other day. The vast majority of our cases, however, are French, with a few Turcos and Sengalese.

The attitude of the French Medical Officers, and of the Government, toward the American Ambulance is most cordial, and its work is held in high esteem by the soldiers as well as by the public.

FROM GEORGE BENET, M.D. '13

ANOTHER letter from a member of the Harvard Unit at the American Ambulance Hospital, George Benet, M.D. '13 (Univ. of Va. '06), illustrates points not touched upon by Dr. Greenough and Dr. Cushing. A portion of it follows:

THE wards are beautifully kept and clean: there are, for instance, " The New York Ward," " The Boston Ward," " The Philadelphia Ward," " The Dartmouth College Ward," etc. The nursing is very well done. Each ward is presided over by a graduate nurse, and I found many old friends, viz.: Miss Jean Balsilly, who was my senior nurse at Roosevelt, in New York, and Miss Cotter from Boston, etc. Working under these heads are the " auxiliaries," and they are as interesting a lot as I know of, made up of actresses, teachers, mothers of " enfants " at the front, society girls from London, Paris, New York, Washington, Boston, etc. For instance, Secretary McAdoo's daughter is one of the lot. There are several titles here as well. They have to do the most menial, and to be frank, disgusting things, but they do it cheerfully and willingly, and are very largely responsible for the success and splendid spirit of the place. Imagine a well-known actress

scrubbing a floor! They are terribly distracting, I am free to state.

As to the surgeons, they are, with one exception, Americans who have volunteered. Dr. Crile and party have just left. Each has his own staff. The orderlies are school boys, lawyers, teachers, etc. In one ward we have a well-known Parisian artist and a genuine Russian count, who salaams to us like a true Eli. Quite embarrassing! I don't ask him to run down to the laboratory for this and that — not with a beard like that! Not me. We have over one hundred ambulances, and some thirty cars for work around the city. Each car is a gift and only accepted if "endowed" — gasoline, repairs, etc. These are manned by youngsters and adventurers picked up from anywhere. A good many Harvard and Yale students are in the lot. Very natty in their khaki and puttees. The field ambulances are as follows — 80 Fords, 8 Sunbeams (English), a Pierce-Arrow (gift of George Denny's father-in-law, and said to be the finest ambulance on the continent. His brother-in-law runs it). There are a dozen nondescript things — converted taxis, etc. Of the lot, the Fords are by far the best. For field work they leave the Pierce-Arrow floundering like a whale ashore. They are the wonder of the French. Each Ford carries three wounded men be-

sides the driver and a helper. The Pierce-Arrow carries the same number, and costs ten times as much.

Before I forget, I want to put in a word for the Boy Scouts. Without them, I think the war would stop. You see them everywhere. Running elevators, acting as orderlies, telephone exchanges — and they also carry despatches at the front. One young Belgian of twelve was decorated with the coveted Military Cross by King Albert for having on *four occasions* slipped through the German lines with despatches. He also took part in every battle during the invasion of Belgium. I saw his photo — just a spindle-legged little fellow. I'll never laugh at Boy Scouts again. Of course, they would rather do it than go to school, but at the same time I don't want to tackle the German lines.

Now as to the wounded, or *blessés*. I hardly know where to begin. They are the most amazing patients I have ever seen, accepting everything as a matter of course. They go into their fourth or fifth operation with nothing more than the inevitable salute, and "*Oui, Monsieur, merci.*" Never a grumble or complaint — always ready for whatever is coming to them. And God knows they have had their share before the scalpel starts. For the most part the wounds are head and face and foot wounds, as most of our men come

from the trenches. Of course there are dozens of frightful compound fractures, due to falling buildings and Lord knows what, but I was surprised at the frequency of face wounds. These are explained by the fact that one can't help peeping out now and then, and also the head is more exposed to shrapnel. The foot wounds are due to frost bite (and infection following) and to the hand grenades thrown into the trenches. These cause frightful wounds — too rotten to write about — but imagine a lump of lyddite, or whatever it is, the size of a tennis ball going off between your feet. As usual, there is a funny side to it, for it seems the Germans have never learned to use the grenades properly, being afraid to cut their fuses short enough, so the French pick 'em up and throw them back! (Ticklish work!) At least this is our side of the story. Some of them were cut short enough. I can testify to that!

The shrapnel wounds simply defy description. Here you see a boy of eighteen with his lower jaw, floor of mouth, and half his tongue blown away. He lives, but for what? Another young man of twenty-four with both legs gone at the thighs, and his right arm crippled for life. And of course the pitiful blind! They, to me, are the worst. And the frightful and almost inevitable infections. You see, the common history is this: "Shot at 3 A.M., March 28. Very cold night. Raining. Fell

in mud and not found until 2 P.M. the next day. No bath for three months. Underwear changed seven weeks ago." For you can't be fastidious in the trenches; but if you are a Frenchman you are a fighting man that the world can't beat. When asked what he did until found, the aforementioned chap said: "Smoked my peep." He had the bone of his thigh sticking out in the mud and smoked his "peep." One chap told a nurse today that he saw his captain killed (by shell) and his head blown off. When he ran to him his "trachea said squeak — squeak." I have no doubt it did; but imagine scenes like that to think about the rest of your life.

AT A FRENCH HOSPITAL NEAR THE LINE

DR. BENET'S service at the American Ambulance Hospital in Paris continued through the three months' term of the Harvard Unit. Again he served in France, with the rank of Captain, in the Second Harvard Unit, at the 22d General Hospital of the British Expeditionary Force. But after his first term of service in Paris he spent much of July and August, 1915, with Captain Stanley, of the Royal Army Medical Corps in a French Hospital, three miles from the firing line, at Longeuil Annel, in a château belonging to Mrs. Chauncey M. Depew of New York. The following letter, written in July, 1915, deals with his experiences there.

THIS letter will probably take some time to reach you, as the mail goes into Paris from here only when a car is sent in for supplies. I never know when it is going, but will write this and wait patiently. I came out just a week ago, and will never regret having done so, as I think I will have a better chance here than any place

I have seen. As I wrote you, the hospital is in the château of Mrs. C. M. Depew of New York, and incidentally, she is a very delightful person. The château is very old, dating back to before Louis XIV, and was at one time a favorite spot of Napoleon's. It is situated in a very large and beautiful park with acres of lawn, and immediately behind the house proper is one of the most wonderful bits of forest I ever saw. The house is built around three sides of a square, facing the stables and garage, where the ambulances are now kept—in addition to two Fords—of course, the "inevitable Ford" — and the machinery for lighting, etc. My own quarters are excellent, with even American plumbing in the bathroom. A private bath in France is a seven days' wonder!

We have fifty-six beds, for *blessés*, and an excellently equipped operating room, under the charge of a Presbyterian Hospital graduate of New York, whom I remember quite well when working there in 1912. Also we have a small, but practical X-ray apparatus, which is indispensable in localizing bits of shell. There are two wards for the wounded, and three rooms for officers. One of these wards is the old music room, and I am glad to say I found a large and very fine pipe-organ still in place, which adds quite a bit to the evenings.

The " staff " consists of Dr. Stanley and myself. He is a very young English surgeon (F.R.C.S., incidentally), and an exceptionally good man. He has been here for eight months, and has accomplished a great deal, I think, when you consider the difficulties of working without adequate assistance and facilities. Our operating room " team " now consists of Miss Balen, the Presbyterian Hospital nurse, who gives the anaesthetics, Dr. Stanley and myself at the table, and " Pierre," a soldier detailed from the ranks to help us here. Owing to our position here nearer the lines, we get a type of case never seen in Paris, or in any of the larger Base Hospitals. Also our cases are in almost every instance " clean," which is the exception in the larger hospitals farther back. For instance, the last two men admitted had been wounded only one hour and a half. This makes the work far more satisfactory and the results better. Lately we have been comparatively quiet, as activities along the sector of the lines we drain here have slowed down for some reason. We have heard very little firing for the last twenty-four hours. In consequence of this " let-up," we have had a deluge of officers for dinner — and what-not — for several days. Yesterday Lieutenant Bardet, son of General Bardet, and Lieutenant Naxon rode over for a game of tennis, and defeated Stanley and myself

hopelessly. They have been on active service in this region for ten months, and are not complaining of the recent inactivities. They returned to the lines at ten o'clock. . . .

As to our position here: We are just across the Oise from Ribecourt, and some three miles from the lines. If you were here this afternoon, you would never suspect it, as everything is as quiet as Walhalla on a Sunday. The only ripple today was the appearance of a German monoplane that passed over us at seven o'clock this morning. Two days ago there was a pretty steady fight going on a few kilometres up the river, to judge from the guns, and in the night I heard a furious fusillade of rifle fire over beyond Ribecourt. This lasted a half hour, but as we received no call I don't think much damage was done. Yesterday afternoon, while playing tennis we heard the French " 75's " going for twenty minutes, but today all is as peaceful as the aforementioned Walhalla. However, we manage to keep busy, as in addition to the wounded we have had to assume the care of the village and of Compiègne, as of course every available surgeon is away " somewhere in France." As examples of this type of " war surgery," we have a little girl with a bad mastoid that Stanley operated on, just before I came up here; and an appendix or two. We are expecting

an old lady in tomorrow, with what promises to be gall stones, so we have work anyhow. . . .

I think I wrote you of Maxim Gorky's son, who was a patient at the American Ambulance in Paris, and had his right arm amputated some six weeks ago. I am enclosing a letter I received from him last week, which I received with his photograph. I am going to ask you to keep it for me, as I want it. He wrote this, mind you, with his left hand, and only a few weeks after his operation. He tried to return to the front, but was refused because of his amputation. I often wonder if I am half as good a man as these soldiers one comes in contact with here. I doubt it.

Tell A—— E—— that this château where I am living was used by his friend von Kluck as headquarters, on his advance into France, and, race *out*, of France, and that but for a picture of Chauncey Depew on the table in the hall, he would have burned the place down. . . .

I have not written anything for a day, since the last paragraph, and since then I had occasion to witness a very interesting sight. Late yesterday afternoon a French biplane passed over us going toward the German lines to reconnoitre. About a mile below here, and at a height of about a mile, the Germans began to shell the machine. Apparently it made no difference

whatsoever to the observer, as he kept right on his course. While looking at him, I counted eighteen shells, all breaking either directly above him or directly beneath — but missing by a wide margin. First I could hear the deep rumble of the gun, and then in an instant see the black or light gray puff of smoke, followed in a few seconds by the sound of the explosion. I lay on my back on the lawn with a pair of binoculars watching the performance, until the biplane passed out of sight. They seem quite used to such sights here, as I was the entire audience. An old man cutting the lawn, paid no attention whatever. It was very interesting to a neophyte like myself. . . .

THE WORK IN SERBIA

ONE of the Harvard physicians attached to the American Ambulance Hospital Unit when it left Boston was Dr. Richard P. Strong, Professor of Tropical Medicine in the Harvard Medical School. The Unit had not been long in Paris when he was detached from service there to direct the work of combatting the plague of typhus in Serbia. Other Harvard physcians joined him in this all-important enterprise. One of the them was Dr. George C. Shattuck, '01 (M.D. '05), a grandson of Dr. George C. Shattuck, '31, a pioneer investigator of typhus in Europe as long ago as 1838. A letter from the younger Shattuck, written from Serbia in May of 1915, is supplemented here by an article he contributed to the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine.* Dr. Strong's written and spoken words have informed many Americans regarding the work he accomplished. The reports of a younger colleague, written on the spot and soon after his return from the scene of the Commission's work, contribute towards a completion of the inspiring record.

LADY PAGET HOSPITAL[1]

SKOPLJE (USKUB), SERBIA, May 11.

I WANT you to know that I am very well and am enjoying myself greatly here. The hospital is about a mile and a half from the town, in the midst of a green, unfenced valley, with low mountains to the north and south, and a chain of snow peaks behind the hills to the southwest. The hills are many-colored, partly cultivated, partly grazing land. The weather is beautiful, with bright sunshine and a soft mist on the hills. When I look out in the morning, I see the Austrian prisoners in their blue-gray uniforms doing the morning's work outside. Sometimes a clear, loud song rings out and stops abruptly. It is the marching song of a company of Serbians out for a hike across the rolling downs. There is no other word, because we have no country like it. At the edge of the slope where the land falls off sharply to the river, a herd of cattle are grazing, watched by a shaggy leader.

We are living in the end of one of the hospital buildings, of which there are two, structures of three stories each, built for barracks by the Turks. Two hundred yards to the north, facing them, is a long row of one-story buildings, used now for storage and other pur-

[1] From *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*, June 9, 1915.

poses. They were cavalry barracks. In the centre of these are the offices and the laboratories, and behind them, forming a quadrangle, are four long buildings with single story and basement. Prisoners who act as orderlies, etc., live in the basement, and above them, in each building, are two wards of forty-five beds each. Sellards [Associate in Tropical Medicine at the Harvard Medical School] and I have charge of two such wards. There are two good graduate nurses, or sisters, on duty in each of them, and they are helped by some of the prisoners. The wards are clean, the care of the patients all that can be expected with the small staff, and we are beginning to collect data.

Typhus is one of the most interesting diseases I have ever seen, and there are many problems. Most of the patients have it, but a few have relapsing fever or other things.

I put on a louse-proof suit every morning, take it off before lunch, work in the laboratory until tea time, and then dress in another suit and return to the wards.

Smith, who has charge here now, is a very competent London consultant of about my age, I should think. He does an enormous amount of work very quietly and easily, has charge of two hundred and twenty, or two hundred and thirty, beds, and directs the management of the hospital.

I hope you realize that this is a very safe place to work, because the patients are clean before we see them.

RED CROSS WORK IN SERBIA[1]

Dr. G. C. SHATTUCK, '01

I HAVE been asked to write about the work of the American Red Cross Sanitary Commission in Serbia, and, in particular, to tell something of what was done by the Harvard men connected with this Commission. It should be understood that no member of the Commission, except Dr. Strong, knows exactly what was done by other members of the Commission, or can form a comprehensive idea of the work as a whole. Therefore, I shall make a few general statements about the work, and then proceed to describe some of the things which I saw myself.

Dr. Strong was the first member of the Commission to arrive in Serbia. In April, a few days after his arrival, he organized an International Health Commission, the orders of which could be promptly enforced in all parts of Serbia. The formation of such a Commission was extremely important for many reasons, and particularly to co-ordinate the work of the Serbian authorities, and of the British, the French, the Russians, and the Americans, all of whom were repre-

[1] From *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, December, 1915.

sented on the Board. Dr. Strong, as director, travelled constantly in order that he might have personal knowledge of the situation in all parts of Serbia; and he instituted sanitary work in Montenegro as well as in Serbia.

The American Red Cross Sanitary Commission was financed jointly by the Red Cross and by the Rockefeller Foundation. A group of ten men, including Drs. F. B. Grinnell and A. W. Sellards, of the Harvard Medical School, and myself, sailed from New York on April 3 and met Dr. Strong in Skoplje, or Uskub, as the town was called by the Turks, early in May. Meanwhile, Dr. Strong had gathered up several American doctors in Serbia, and had taken with him Mr. C. R. Cross from Paris. Mr. Cross was a member of the Class of 1903, and later graduated from the Law School. He offered to help in any way that he could. He travelled for a time with Dr. Strong, then went to Montenegro with Dr. Grinnell, and afterwards returned to Paris, where he was killed in an automobile accident.[1] For nearly a year before his death Mr. Cross was in Europe working constantly with energy and devotion to duty.

The first contingent of members of the Commission was followed by a second group of twenty or more which arrived toward the end of June, and several of

[1] See pp. 110, 114.

these were Harvard graduates. The Commission included men of various attainments. There were sanitary engineers, public health physicians, sanitary inspectors, many of whom had been trained under General Gorgas at Panama, and there were practising physicians, and laboratory experts, a bacteriologist, and a water examiner.

Dr. Grinnell was soon sent by Dr. Strong to take charge of the work in Montenegro. Dr. Zinsser, of Columbia, was to study typhus from the bacteriological point of view, Dr. Sellards was to undertake other laboratory work, and it was my privilege to study typhus fever from the clinical standpoint. We agreed to work together so far as possible, and having found in the Paget Hospital in Skoplje a favorable opportunity for beginning work without delay, accepted the invitation of the British physician in charge to join the staff of that hospital.

The buildings known as the Paget Hospital, or "Shesta Reserma Bolnitza" (6th Reserve Hospital), were used formerly for the Military Academy, and for barracks. They are situated on elevated, rolling ground, about a mile from the town of Skoplje, in the midst of a most beautiful and fertile valley, bounded to north and south by rugged hills, and dominated on the west by snow-capped mountains.

I had charge of two wards of forty-five beds each, most of them occupied by typhus patients in various stages of the disease. Near the hospital were some large stables, used as a prison-camp for Austrian soldiers. Nearly all the prisoners had had typhus, and a very large proportion had died of it. They were allowed to go freely about the hospital grounds, and many of them served as orderlies in the wards. Being immune to typhus from having had the disease, it was not necessary to take precautions to protect them.

There was a considerable nursing staff of English sisters, and a few Serbian women worked in the wards. In order to protect themselves from the body louse which commonly transmits typhus, the sisters wore a one-piece garment of white linen, which buttoned across the shoulders, and over this a blouse of the same material hanging to the knees. The hair was carefully covered, the sleeves were held close to the arms by elastic bands, and, in order that there should be no opening at the ankle, the legs of the garments were prolonged into coverings for the feet. Over these the sisters wore Turkish slippers or high leather boots, according to the weather. I urged the sisters in my wards to wear rubber gloves in order to protect their wrists more completely, and to wear a strip of gauze across the nose and mouth as a mask, because I

thought there was danger of contracting typhus through the air as a result of the coughing of patients; but the gloves were soon discarded as being difficult to work in, and the mask as being too hot and uncomfortable. One of the sisters contracted typhus toward the end of the epidemic, and I think that she got her infection from a very sick patient who coughed a great deal, and whose life, I think, she saved by unremitting care. She recovered from the typhus, but suffered afterwards from distressing nervous symptoms from which it is probable that she has not yet fully recovered. We physicians wore cotton trousers with feet attached, and rubber boots. The trousers were tied around the waist, and the upper part of the body was covered with a short tunic, tied below the top of the neck. Rubber gloves were then pulled over the sleeves of the tunic and fastened in place with elastic bands or adhesive plaster. I used a gauze mask for a time, but gave it up because the weather was hot and the mask slipped into my mouth when I talked. I was very careful not to let a patient cough in my face.

The appointments of the wards were of the simplest character. The toilets were managed by the bucket system, there being no plumbing. Water for bathing and other purposes was heated in sheet-iron wood-burning stoves standing outside. When one or two

patients at a time came for admission to a ward, they were stripped, clipped, and bathed by the orderlies behind a screen on the steps of the pavilion. When large numbers of patients had to be admitted, they were sent to a wash-house where clipping and bathing could be done wholesale.

Before I had been long at the hospital a trainload of patients arrived in Skoplje. Eighty of these were assigned to the Paget Hospital and sent out in carriages, each vehicle taking four or five patients. They were laid on the grass outside the wash-house, and many, exhausted by the journey, required brandy or other stimulants before being moved. Many others, thin and haggard, but stronger, straggled across the grounds to the wards, attired in night-shirt and slippers. On that day, forty patients entered my wards — a number impossible for me to examine with care. I went around the ward feeling the pulses, listening to the hearts, and picking out the sicker patients for more particular attention. The rest received routine treatment.

This particular group of patients showed a peculiar cast of countenance which I attributed to the fact that they had been for several days on a train, probably almost uncared-for, with little food, and insufficient water. The features were pinched, the skin was dry, the brows knitted, and the eyes staring. Like most of

the inhabitants of Serbia, they were bronzed by the sun, but, in spite of this, there was a bright flush over the cheek-bones, a common thing in typhus fever. These men showed no emotion and little interest. The predominant expression was not that of resignation, but of courageous endurance, the most characteristic quality in the Serbian when ill, as I have seen him. He shows neither fear nor despair, and seldom indulges in lamentation. During convalescence he early takes an interest in food, and begs to be sent home for "bolivani," that is, furlough. With return of strength he shows merriment, geniality, and humor.

The Serbians have been called the Irish of the Balkans, and one of them had such a genial smile that he reminded me of the song about Kelley. In one of the other wards there were two patients with relapsing fever who were taken sick at the same time, who entered together, and who ran an exactly similar course of fever. A rivalry sprang up between them, and when one had a sudden rise of temperature so high that it went off the chart, far from viewing this with alarm, he pointed to it with delight.

After about two months' work at the Paget Hospital, Dr. Sellards went to Belgrade to continue his studies there, and a few weeks later, there being very little typhus at Skoplje, I finished my clinical work, and

went to Belgrade with Dr. Strong. I stayed there for a few days at the American Hospital where Dr. Ryan is still in charge.

The hospital stands on a hill at the outskirts of the town, and was respected by the Germans who were entrenched across the river. The town showed comparatively little damage, except along the river front, where all buildings, including the barracks, had been reduced to ruins. The bridge across the river had been wrecked, but at that time the batteries were exchanging only occasional shots, none of which fell in the town. A German aeroplane made almost daily flights in the morning over Belgrade, and was always greeted by a fusillade of shrapnel which, when it burst, looked like powder puffs in the sky. The shots were nearly always wide of the mark.

One morning, however, the German made three trips, each time dropping bombs in the town. The third time he was met by a French plane which opened fire upon him. Almost immediately the German began to descend in wide circles, and presently disappeared from my sight behind the roof of one of the hospital buildings. He must have been wounded, for he subsequently lost control of his machine, and fell from a considerable height into the mud on the bank of the river.

After leaving Belgrade I went with Dr. Strong to Vallievo to inspect the graveyard. There had been many Austrian prisoners in Vallievo, and the death-rate from typhus among them is said to have reached seventy per cent. The dead had been buried in great square pits, and insufficiently covered with earth, so that the graveyard became offensive to the neighborhood. The French, who were working in Vallievo, had already carried out the necessary measures.

Dr. Strong then asked me to go to Pristina to supervise sanitary work which was being conducted there by members of our Commission. They were living in tents in the military reservation, and running a mess of their own.

The hotels in Serbia are so infested with bed-bugs that we avoided them whenever possible, and when obliged to spend any length of time in a place we fumigated and cleaned our quarters or else went into camp. The work at Pristina consisted in cleaning and disinfection of hospitals, the jail, some large barracks and stables used for quartering the soldiers, disinfection of clothing, bathing of soldiers and prisoners, building sanitary privies, and vaccinating against typhus fever and cholera.

Bathing and disinfection of clothing were carried out by means of converted refrigerator cars, into one

of which steam could be turned to sterilize the clothing while the men were bathing under shower baths in the other. This system was first used in Manchuria by Dr. Strong.

Pristina is not far from Mitravitza, now the temporary capital. The latter is situated at the end of a branch railway near the border of Montenegro. The railway leaves the main line at Skoplje and follows a branch of the Vardar River through narrow mountain passes to the great plain of Cosova, upon which the Serbians made their last stand against the Turks in a great battle five hundred years ago. Pristina lies at the foot of the hills on the northern side of the plain, near where the battle took place. The Serbians have a very strong sentiment about this region, where every hill and piece of ground has for them historic meaning. They say that not to have seen Cosovo and the old church called Grachanitza, in which every soldier of the Serbian army took communion before the great battle with the Turks, is not to have seen Serbia at all.

After finishing the work at Pristina arrangements were made for some of our men to go to Mitravitza, where Dr. Osborn, who had recently received a degree in public health at the Harvard Medical School, took charge. Other men went with me to Prisren, situated

to the south and east near the border of Albania, and fifty kilometres from the railway. There we set up our cots in a large, vacant room in the barracks near the town, and took our meals at a restaurant, where, by special arrangement, we obtained an abundance of fruit and vegetables, a welcome change after the restricted fare of the springtime.

The work in Prisren was similar to that in Pristina, and the authorities, with one exception, gave every assistance. The mayor of the town was well educated and refined. He had been a professor somewhere before entering on official life, and was now working enthusiastically to institute modern improvements in this old town with its narrow, crooked streets, and its jumble of primitive buildings. Before the outbreak of the present war he had had profiles drawn of all the streets and had made plans for straightening and widening the principal thoroughfares. He showed us chemical analyses of the water, which came from springs on a hill above the town, and wished to know which of the several supplies was the best. One of our engineers visited the sources, inspected visible conduits, and made arrangements to have maps drawn of the distribution of the water from each source. It was also arranged that bacteriological tests should be made at different points along the distributing lines,

and at the street-fountains where the water was delivered, in order to detect pollution. The mayor expressed himself as delighted with these arrangements but owing to delays, almost impossible to avoid in Serbia, this part of the work was still unfinished when the fumigating and vaccinating had been completed.

Toward the end of August I left Prisren to start for home. I shall not soon forget that beautiful morning of late August, the soft, fragrant air, the misty plain, the wooded hillside, the rugged mountain-range, whitened by the first snow of the autumn, and the quaint old town with the tall poplar trees around it, the white minarets among the red-tiled roofs, and the old, gray Turkish citadel above.

Dr. Strong and Dr. Sellards left Serbia a few days after I did, and Dr. Grinnell a month before. Twelve members of the Commission remained in Serbia to prevent the spread of any outbreak of contagious disease that might occur in the coming winter, and to complete some of the more extensive engineering work. Mr. Stuart, a Harvard engineer, was left in charge by Dr. Strong. Most of the others went to Russia under the leadership of Dr. Caldwell, to work among the German prisoners there.

Dr. Grinnell had a severe illness on his way home, and Dr. Strong narrowly escaped death from a most

dangerous form of malaria, which rendered him unconscious in Saloniki just before sailing. It seems likely that he got the malaria in Durazzo, where he had gone, at the request of Essad Pasha, to advise about its prevention. At any rate, he was exposed to it there from having lent his mosquito netting to a woman in the hotel who hadn't any. No other members of the Commission, so far as I know, incurred any serious illness, and most of them were not sick at all.

WITH THE AMERICAN AMBULANCE HOSPITAL MOTORS

IN June of 1915 John Paulding Brown, '14, recently returned from Europe, where he had been serving, first with the American Citizens' Relief Committee in London, and then with the motor corps of the American Ambulance Hospital in France and Belgium, was asked by the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin* to give some account of his experiences. He wrote as follows:[1]

Harvard has been well represented in France since the war began. Aside from the various surgical units sent out officially by the University there have been at least two score graduates and undergraduates who at one time or another during the winter have been in the service of the American Hospital of Paris.

Since September I have been driving one of the ambulances attached to this hospital, working with the British and French armies.

On September 7 we made the first of a series of interesting trips into the environs of Paris, following

[1] In *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*, June 23, 1915.

up the armies as they advanced toward the Aisne. For several weeks we were busy along the Marne gathering in wounded and bringing them back to Paris, till the battles rolled away so far that it was impossible to get any wounded men back to Paris.

Then came a period of three months with the British in northern France, at Neuve Chapelle, and in January we were first attached to the 8th French Army, operating in Belgium.

Probably the most interesting period of all began in April, when we were first sent to Ypres to do the work of a section of military ambulances which had been ordered to another part of the line. We were attached to a field hospital established in a little château near Ypres, and here we stayed for several weeks, until a shell hit the hospital one night and we had to move the entire outfit.

During these weeks at the "petit château," as it was universally called, we worked chiefly at night, going to the first field dressing stations and bringing up the men who had been hit during the day. These dressing stations were always placed in some convenient farmhouse close to the front. At one place, we had to pass within four hundred yards of the German trenches to reach one of them. We always waited until it was dark, and then, one by one, we would start off for

the dressing stations. The roads in the region near the trenches are in bad shape, being continually under shell fire, and as we could not have any lights, driving was often very difficult. Several of the cars tumbled into shell holes, and one time we had to abandon a car for two days as the enemy's fire made it impossible to work on it by daylight. However, considering that our cars were doing the same work which in other parts of the line was done by horse-drawn ambulances, we were unusually fortunate. Our American cars were the only motor vehicles which ever travelled along these roads.

The men whom we picked up at the dressing stations were carried back about two miles, well out of rifle-fire, to the divisional field hospitals. Here they could be operated on, if necessary, before being sent along another six miles to the town from which the hospital trains started.

Almost every night we found wounded German prisoners at the field dressing stations, and those men were treated with every consideration by the French surgeons. All the time I was there I never saw anything but the most generous treatment of prisoners. The French were splendid in the way they looked after wounded Germans, drenched as they were in the blood of Frenchmen. To the army surgeons all wounded are alike.

I remember particularly a German who was brought in one evening by one of our cars. He had been lying between the trenches for four days, and was captured when the French advanced that afternoon. Four days and three nights in the open, under a pouring rain, with a fractured thigh and two serious wounds on his head, had not overcome this soldier; he lay perfectly still on the operating table and never murmured while they cut off his clothes. It was always like this; the German wounded were close rivals to the French in the way they took their pain.

After each attack our work naturally increased, and at such times as during the big attacks of April we were kept busy night and day. On April 24 the poison gas was first used against the French; our little château was full to overflowing for six days, and several nights the grounds of the place were covered with stretchers on which lay the victims of the gas, coughing, and gasping for breath, soaked through after hours of rain. But by morning they would be all cleared away; except those who stayed in the orchard behind the château under rows of little wooden crosses. And then each evening it would begin all over again. This, however, was only the situation in times of very heavy fighting.

No one can go to France without coming back filled with admiration for the way the nation is behaving

during these tragic days. Every man and woman in the country seems to be fired with a holy zeal for a war which for them is one of liberty or of annihilation. They are fighting off the invader, and a defeat means the downfall of everything they hold worth while in life. So they set themselves to the task with a resolute sternness which is magnificent to see, confident of final victory, and with it an enduring peace for France and for all of Europe.

A FRENCH LANDSCAPE

THE period covered by the preceding report — that of the first spring-time in France at war — is vividly illustrated in a passage from another ambulance driver, Dallas D. L. McGrew, '03, to a friend and teacher in Cambridge. Here the country-side, with its scenes of peace persisting through the sounds of warfare, is spread before the seeing eye.

THIS morning, Sunday the 14 *Mars*, two of the boys and I took a walk out of the St. Just en-chaussée road, North-East, to see some newly made trenches. The country is exactly like the Valley of Virginia, lacking only the marginal mountains—fertile and splendidly tilled. Five kilometres out of Beauvais in the middle

of a swell of ploughed land were the deadly ditches, wattle-walled, with latrines, drains, covered rest-rooms, and emplacements for mitrailleuses. A hundred metres off they are practically invisible in the sprouting wheat. It was warm and misty, the rhythmic line of trimmed slender trees along the Amiens road quite dim, and wooded hills here and there faint blue in the landscape. Ploughing was going steadily on against the sky-lines, and the whole tender world was flooded by the songs of larks, singing almost frantically. Along the straight road passed an occasional hooded cart with good country people *tous en dimanchès*, and obviously in the state that R. L. S. called "sabbatical vacuity," and consciously virtuous and contented. But all the while you could hear a deep periodic grumbling, way off to the eastward, that sounded like the muttering of a storm. It was the big guns near Roye and Lassigny, twenty-five miles over the waking fields — almost inconceivable — a strange mixture of heaven and hell. Within a few days now we may move up to it, and then it will be feverish work, mainly at night, driving up unlighted roads to the field dressing stations, getting our gruesome cargoes and wallowing back — dodging ammunition trains of charging great motors, as well as hurrying columns of infantry and artillery — hub-deep in mud, blindly, to the evacuation hospitals

at the nearest railway point. Over and over again till daylight, when we shall sleep, patch our racked ambulances, refill with oil and essence, and prepare for the next night's work! It's inglorious, unseen drudgery, and wholly necessary. There's no place in it for the man who wants a personally conducted tour of the battle-fields, or a sight of the locked, fighting men. But for the man who is ready to help, obscurely, but faithfully, we have great need, as well as for more cars.

THE AMERICAN VOLUNTEER MOTOR-AMBULANCE CORPS

THOUGH the motor corps of the American Ambulance Hospital in Paris has received the service of a greater number of Harvard men than any other single agency of relief, there has been since the early months of the War an entirely separate organization, the American Volunteer Motor-Ambulance Corps, which has owed its existence and conduct to a single Harvard man, Richard Norton, '92, and has made for itself and its director an enviable record. This corps began its work under the joint auspices of the British Red Cross and the St. John Ambulance. It was thus primarily an offering of American aid to the English cause. As the War proceeded, it became desirable, under the British Army regulations, to transfer the association of the corps to the American Red Cross, and to place its service at the disposal of the French Army. It is now, therefore, a militarized corps serving a definite division of one of the armies of

France. Mr. Norton has received the Croix de Guerre for the work he has done, and after the Champagne battle of September, 1915, was mentioned in the following terms in the orders of the day in the French Army corps to which his ambulance service is attached:

> Richard Norton, adjoint au Commandant de la Section Sanitaire Anglo-Américaine pendant les combats du 25 Sept. et des jours suivantes, a fait preuve du plus grand dévouement et du plus beau courage, en conduisant lui-même ses voitures de jour et de nuit dans les zones dangereuses et en donnant à toute sa section l'example d'une endurance poussée jusqu' à l'épuisement de ses forces.
>
> (Signé:) Le Gen'l. Com. la 2me Armée.
>
> PETAIN.

A short and a long letter to his brother, Eliot Norton, '85, present a picture of a single day's work and a review of what the corps accomplished in the course of its first year, and especially in the battle which brought forth the recognition just cited. A later recognition, appearing among the " Citations à l'Ordre de l'Armée " in *Le Gaulois* for July 10,

1916, had reference to the work of the corps as a whole. It read as follows:

> La Section Sanitaire Automobile Americaine, No. 7, (sous les ordres de son chef, M. Norton, a fait, depuis plus de vingt mois, constamment preuve de l'esprit de sacrifice le plus complet. A rendu les plus grands services à la division à laquelle elle est attachée en assurant la relève des blessés dans les meilleures conditions. Il n'est plus un seul de ses membres qui ne soit un modèle de sang-froid et d'abnégation. Plusieurs d'entre eux ont été blessés).

June 7, 1915.

The biggest battle I've yet seen is under way, and we are in the thick of it. It is now 8 A.M. and I've been here since 4. The French are pounding the bottom out of the world in front, and the Boches are doing their best to reply. I write at the dug out at the entrance to the trenches where the wounded wait for us. Batteries are around us and along the road we follow to the hospital. One is some fifty yards from the dug out, and the Boches are trying to find it — not entirely unsuccessfully, for about fifty yards from us there has just fallen a shell.

We have three groups of four cars out on this work today; the others are doing the regular evacuations and *service de garde* — so we are furiously occupied. Back again from the hospital and waiting for the car to be loaded. It is a wonderful, brilliant summer day, but a strange haze from the bursting shells and torn earth hangs heavily over the fields. The roads are hidden in the clouds of dust raised by the constant tramp of thousands of men and by the shells of the ammunition wagons. There are some mules, too, bringing up the mitrailleuses.

Later. Things are going well. We have taken three trenches and there are *pas mal de prisonniers*. The poor wounded men we carry are amazingly patient and uncomplaining. In fact, almost the only ones who even murmur are those who have gone out of their minds, and there are but few of these. The prisoners look a bit cast down, but otherwise bear themselves like men and are treated absolutely well. Only one seemed scared, and he was a boy, and wounded at that: he felt better when I told him nobody wanted to scalp him.

We are under a tree now surrounded by a group of some twenty women of the village, stretcher-bearers, and the doctor who manages our dug out. The bombardment is lessening and there are no wounded for the moment.

A couple of batteries of big guns (220) are booming, and their shells shudder over our heads. It's curious to note the different sound different sized shells make. These "220's" sound exactly like a big Catherine wheel when it begins to revolve — the same jirky whirr. If you are sufficiently near you don't notice this, as I perceived this morning when one that was hidden not fifteen feet from the road I was travelling went off exactly as I passed. I thought the Boches had got me. Taken all in all, it is the most tremendous and interesting and horrible spectacle one could imagine. Overhead the aeroplanes, surrounded by the beautiful, long-lasting puffs of heavy white smoke, the horizon line a few kilometres away — one long string of black or white geysers of smoke according to the sort of shell that explodes, and nearby the volleying, booming, whirring batteries, the ambulances, the fresh and the tired troops, the uncomplaining, pain-sick wounded, and the magnificent, cool, patient, heroic doctors. The Devil take the Boches, but I feel man is a pretty fine piece of work.

10 P.M. Back again to our home camp at Baizieux, all safe and sound, rather to my surprise, as we had a decidedly sultry time this afternoon. As a memento I have a large hunk of a shell which exploded just over the roof of the dug out while I was inside. For some

hours the shells were going off all round us making us run for the dug out if near enough, and do a powerful lot of trying to shrink up if we were a few yards too far off to do the rabbit trick. One of the cars got hit by a bit of splintered wood. That was the only real casualty, though some of the cars suffered from being kept going too many hours without a stop.

I must stop now and arrange for tomorrow when we shall probably be very busy again, though doing the night-work. Tonight we were relieved by some French cars. We are all all right, but I want some more volunteers.

P.S. Have just got our lists in, and find we carried just over six hundred today.

LaCroix, Champagne,
October 14, 1915.

My dear Eliot: You will know by this time from letters I have written to L—, that we have been in the midst of the Champagne battle, and you will easily imagine that there has been no time to write to you any careful account of our work, such as I now wish to do.

For the moment the 11th Corps is *en repos*, after having borne the brunt of the fighting, so that we have a few days in which to rest ourselves, fix up the cars, and gather together various loose ends of work.

As it is just a year since the Corps came into being, it is worth remembering what we started from and what we have developed into. Notwithstanding errors of judgment or accidents, we have accomplished good work. A year ago we started from London with our cars, and not much more than hope for a bank balance. We were wanderers searching for work. During this year we have grown into a corps consisting now of some sixty cars, to which the St. John Ambulance and Red Cross Societies render any assistance we ask, and instead of wondering where we were to find occupation *the French authorities have intrusted us with the whole ambulance service of the 11th Army corps. . . .* We have carried during the year just under twenty-eight thousand cases, and during the days from the 25th of September to the 9th of October, our cars relieved the sufferings of over six thousand individuals. . . .

You have been kept fairly well informed of the general course of our work through the summer. Our last very busy time was, as you know, at Hébuterne. This was followed by some weeks of less exciting, but equally necessary, work. In the middle of August we were ordered from the region of Amiens to Châlons-sur-Marne, where the recent fine advance has been made. The work here, owing to the nature of the country is much more difficult than it was before. It

is a chalky, deserted region, with but few poverty-stricken villages. In large measure these were entirely or mostly destroyed during the Battle of the Marne. For this reason the housing of the volunteers, and the garaging of the cars is by no means easy to arrange. As a matter of fact, the cars stand in the open fields or in the pine woods, where aeroplanes cannot see them, and at present all our men are under canvas.

An account of what we have had to do since the Battle of Champagne began will make clear to you the general circumstances of our work, the irregularities of it, the difficulties of it, and the satisfaction of it. For some weeks before the recent battle began, we knew from all sorts of evidence that a big movement was on foot. The movements of troops by night and day, the great numbers of aeroplanes and captive balloons, and general rumor, all pointed to this. It was not, however, until we were sent from the region of Amiens to this district that we knew where the attack was to be made. And it was not until we had been some three weeks stationed within a few miles of the line here, that we had any inkling as to exactly when, or at exactly what spot, the blow would be delivered.

For two weeks before the battle began we had been stationed at Somme Vesle, a small village some fifteen miles behind the trenches. When, however, we were

sent forward our base became the village of La Croix in Champagne, where two large hospitals had been erected. Seven of the ambulances were stationed here to do the work of these hospitals, two others were placed at Somme Tourbe where are other hospitals, and where the trains come, five were sent to La Salle, a village beyond Somme Tourbe, one to St. Jean still nearer the lines, and finally two groups of seven each (afterwards increased to ten or more according to the neéds) were sent to the woods where we camped out in tents and dug outs and carried the wounded of the 21st and 22nd Divisions from trenches Nos. 7 and 5, which had been dug for the purpose of bringing them out of the firing line.

The whole countryside had been most carefully prepared. One main road had been cut from St. Jean over the rolling chalk hills to the villages of Herlus and Mesnil, which were between the French batteries and the front trenches, and from which other roads ran further north. Besides this main road, there were many tracks and trails over the chalk desert, and these, as the days passed, became more and more clearly marked. This main road and the tracks were all very well while the weather was good, but the instant the rain began to fall, which it did the first day of the battle, and continued off and on for many days, they

became as near impassable as could be. It was not only the enormous amount of traffic which made driving difficult, but the slightest rain turns this chalky soil into a mixture so slippery that a car standing quiet on the crown of the road would not infrequently slide gently but surely into the gutter, which was of course deep in mud. At night we had to drive without lights, which increased our difficulties. That none of the ambulances were bagged or seriously injured speaks well for the driving of both volunteers and chauffeurs.

Besides the making of the road above mentioned, which is called the *Piste Grosetti*, narrow-gauge railways had been laid to carry munitions and other supplies to the fighting line, and for miles the land was scored with deep-dug trenches. These had been placed most carefully, so that, for example, the "brancardiers" brought the wounded from the firing line by one trench and returned by another. All praise should be given these brancardiers, who for the first days had often to bring the wounded on stretchers or two-wheeled "brouettes" several kilometres. After the first day we began to push the ambulances further to the front, for the roads and trails were no longer under rifle fire, though subjected to frequent shelling. For three days before the 25th of September an incessant cannonade, continued by night and day, showed that

the region round Tahure was the one selected for attacking the Germans. It was on the twenty-fourth that we received final orders to move up to the lines, and to station our cars at the field hospitals and the trenches. We sorted out the cars and men according to their various capacities for the work, as far as we could foresee it. I took one group on the night of the twenty-fourth up to the lines. The other trench group was in charge of Messrs. J. B. Barrington and J. H. Phelps, two splendid workers and delightful gentlemen, and while during the following days I kept an eye on their group as well as on my own, I did so, not because of the faintest lack of confidence in their management, but merely because I was responsible, of course, for the general running of the work, and because I talk French more easily than they do. But even on the days when it was impossible for me to see them, I never had the slightest feeling that they would not manage as well as was humanly possible.

Before we actually took up our positions I had been over the ground to get the lay of the land, to see where the various trails — they were scarcely more — led to, in order to know how best to direct the ambulances on their various errands. The country was absolutely packed; I can scarcely find any word to suggest a picture of how packed it was with troops and munition

trains. There was every sort and description. On the rolling land, over which the trenches, cut in through chalk soil, ran like great white snakes, the batteries of every sized gun were innumerable. I cannot tell you how many guns there were, but, in a radius of half a mile from where my ambulances stood the first night, there were at least a dozen batteries of various calibres, and they were no thicker there than anywhere else. We tried to sleep on the stretchers for an hour or two before dawn of the twenty-fifth, but when you have a battery of "150's" coughing uninterruptedly within less than one hundred yards of where you are resting, to say nothing of other guns to right and to left of you, one's repose is decidedly syncopated. On the morning of the twenty-fifth the cannonade slackened, and we knew afterwards that the three previous days' work had battered the German lines into a shapeless mass, and that the French infantry had made good the chance they had been patiently waiting for all summer of proving to the world their ability to beat the Germans.

It is curious to realize how little one knew of what was going on, though one was in the midst of the fighting. Even the soldiers could tell you practically nothing. We could only judge from scattered bits of evidence, such as the movements of the balloons and

batteries, that everything was going well, as you already know by the newspapers it did. It is entertaining to read the accounts of one or two newspaper correspondents who were allowed after the fight to go over the won trenches. One of these wrote an account in the London *Morning Post*, that in a way was very good, but no one of us who was here all through the battle thought it took place as the correspondent described it. He certainly speeded things up considerably. We are in no position to tell what troops did the best work, but every one knows that the Colonials under General Marchand did splendidly, as did the 11th corps which was along side them.

It is curious that only three or four incidents of the twelve hard days' work stand out clearly in my mind. The rest is but a hazy memory of indistinguishable nights and days, cold and rain, long rows of laden stretchers waiting to be put into the cars, wavering lines of less seriously wounded hobbling along to where we were waiting, sleepy hospital orderlies, dark underground chambers in which the doctors were sorting out and caring for the wounded, and an unceasing noise of rumbling wagons, whirring aeroplanes, distant guns coughing and nearby ones crashing, shells bursting and bullets hissing. Out of this general jumble of memory one feature shines out steadily clear;

it is of the doctors. Patient, indefatigable, tender, encouraging and brave in the most perfect way, they were everywhere in the forefront and seemingly knew not what fatigue meant. There were the two divisional doctors, Vachaise and Couillaud, who besides attending to their manifold duties did everything possible to render our work successful. There were MM. Nieger and Daunoy, heads of the hospitals at Croix in Champagne and Somme Tourbe, who saw to it that at any hour of the day or night there was something hot for us to eat and drink and looked after any of us who were knocked up. There was M. Deschamps who helped Barrington and Phelps. Then there was L'hoste, my friend of Hébuterne days, who with his corps of assistants and *brancardiers* was always encouraging his men, who were in danger the whole time, by an example of cool courage and intelligent, quick work that could not be surpassed. If the nurses are the angels of this war, these doctors are the apostles "who lift up this world and carry it to God." Doubtless there are others on the other side of the line, but those mentioned I have seen and known.

One of the incidents I have referred to which stands out clearly in my mind is of a nightmare drive to Herlus. I received orders late one evening to take two cars to this village at 1 A.M. Not being able to find the

divisional doctor to tell him that I considered it impossible to take ambulances by night, without lights, in the pouring rain over the shell-holed road which led to the village, I had to try it. Mr. Joseph Whitwell with his car and chauffeur accompanied me. On my car, I had George Tate, a most capable man. As he is a better driver than I am, he held the wheel while I (so it seems now) spent my whole time wading through knee-deep mud trying, by the faint light of an electric lamp, to find the way round shell-holes and bogs, or pushing the car out of the gutter. It shows how difficult the journey was that to cover the six kilometres there and back took us two hours and a half. We had the satisfaction of getting the wounded safely to the hospitals, and perhaps it was not entirely low-minded of us to be pleased next morning when we heard that some French cars had refused to make the same journey.

Another very distinct memory is of a morning spent with Mr. Joseph Phelps in a dug out at Perthes, the village where the advanced French lines were the first day. We had been sending cars to the village for two or three days, though the Germans still occasionally shelled it, but one evening, hearing they had begun again, I had a strong feeling that the position I had picked for the cars was insecure. It was all right for

the men who could go to earth, but they couldn't take the cars with them, and our service would have been hampered had the latter been blown up. So at dawn Phelps and I took the ambulance down to the village, and left it a couple of hundred yards outside the ruins of the place, where the banks of a trench gave it some protection. Then we walked down to the *poste de secours* to tell the doctor in charge where the car was to be found when he needed it. There were one or two slightly wounded, and, while we were waiting for others, the Germans began to shell a battery which was some forty yards directly behind the *poste de secours*. For a short time they threw small shells and shrapnel at us, but as they hadn't got the range, everyone went on with his ordinary occupations, the most ordinary being rolling cigarettes. In fact, if the American Tobacco Kings had any sense of justice, they'd give me the best ambulance to be bought to make up for the cigarettes we smoked that morning. It wasn't long before the Germans corrected their range, and then they began to send over big shells which drove us rapidly underground, blew up a horse ambulance just beside us, filled the entrance to our cave with dirt and splinters, and made us wonder just how long our luck would last. However, they did no damage to the battery, which continued to give as good as it got; so the Germans,

apparently tiring of the game, tried to smother us with gas-shells. We fixed masks on the wounded and on ourselves, and after about two hours the Boches let up and we were able to take a long breath and express our feelings of the man who invented this dirty way of fighting. Nobody was really any the worse for the experience, though our throats and eyes troubled us for a day or two. When, however, the chance came to call up the ambulance and take the wounded, I found that a large shell had exploded exactly on the spot where on the foregoing days I had stationed the cars. So far during this fight not a car has been injured by bullet or shell, except one which received a slight hole from a hand grenade which an over-excited Frenchman threw down in a stable yard, and thereby wounded some of his companions.

Still another picture that rises in my mind, as I write, is of one cloudy morning, when, after a very tiring night, I was sitting on the roadside watching a rather heavy bombardment near by, and suddenly through the din rose the sweet clear notes of a shepherd's pipe. It was the same reed-pipe I have heard so often on the hills of Greece and Asia Minor, and the same sweetly-sad, age-old shepherd music telling of Pan and the Nymphs, and the asphodel meadows where Youth lies buried. The piper was an ordinary *piou-piou*, a simple fan-

tasin, *mon vieux Charles*, with knapsack on back, rifle slung over his shoulder and helmet on head strolling down to the valley of death a few hundred yards beyond. Nor is this the only music I have heard. One night a violin sounded among the pines which shelter our tents, and I strolled over to find a blue-clad Orpheus easing the pain of the wounded and numbing the fatigue of the *brancardiers* with bits of Chopin and Schubert and Beethoven.

Such are some of the impressions of the battle seen from this side of the line. Others I have formed since the main fight ceased, in the lines previously held by the Germans. I went over some of their trenches the other day and have never seen anything so horrible. Although, as prisoners have told us, they knew they were to be attacked, they had no idea that the attack would be anything like so severe as it was. Those I have talked to said it was awful, and that they were glad to be out of it. Their trenches were very elaborately constructed, many of the dug outs being fitted up with considerable furniture, the dwellers evidently having no notion they would be hurriedly evicted. After the bombardment there was nothing left of all this careful work. The whole earth was torn to pieces. It looked as though some drunken giant had driven his giant plough over the land. In the midst of an utterly

indescribable medley of torn wire, broken wagons, and upheaved timbers, yawned here and there chasms like the craters of small volcanoes, where mines had been exploded. It was an ashen gray world, distorted with the spasms of death — like a scene in the moon. Except for the broken guns, the scattered clothing, the hasty graves, the dead horses and other signs of human passage, no one could have believed that such a place had ever been anything but dead and desolate. The rubbish still remained when I was there, but masses of material had been already gathered up and saved.

The following notice, issued to the army on October 1st will give you a notion of the vast quantities of material that were captured.

GROUP OF THE ARMIES OF THE CENTRE

(*Bulletin of Information. To be distributed to the Troops*)

In the battles of the 25th, 26th, 27th, and 28th of September, 1915, we took 20,000 prisoners, of whom 18,000 were not wounded; we captured from the Germans 121 cannon, of which 34 were of large calibre, without counting trench cannon (bomb-throwers, etc.).

These cannon will be placed upon the Esplanade of the Invalides.

We have taken a great number of rapid-firing guns, and material of all kinds.

We will do still better in the future, and we will gloriously avenge our dead.

In this notice no mention is made of some very interesting gas machines that were taken. They were of two sorts, one for the production of gas, the other to counteract its effects. The latter were rather elaborate and heavy but very effective instruments consisting of two main parts; one to slip over the head, protecting the eyes and clipping the nose, the other an arrangement of bags and bottles containing oxygen, which the wearer inhaled through a tube held in the mouth. There were several forms of these apparatuses, but the most interesting point to note about them is that one had stamped upon it the words: "Type of 1914 — developed from type of 1912, developed from type of 1908," thus showing that seven years ago the Germans! had decided to fight with gas.

Of the men who were with us during this time it is impossible to say that one did more than another. All worked with unflagging energy and zeal. Though their food was irregular and their sleep scanty, they bore their trials with a good-humoured steadiness that made one's own work easy. Of the volunteers probably J. B. Barrington, the two Whitwells, the two Phelps, Bucknall, and Coatsworth did the hardest work. Of the chauffeurs Reeves, Tate, Gibson, and Baker (an ex-captain of the Army Service Corps, and of whom I shall certainly have more to say if he stays

with us) were untiring and most helpful. In fact, everyone worked absolutely to his limit.

There is little more to tell you. Our 11th Corps has been withdrawn for a short time to rest, and this gives us time to make up our lost sleep and get the cars in good condition for the next heavy work.

Your loving brother,

DICK.

A LABORER IN THE TRENCHES

THE work of the fighting men, and of those who care for their broken bodies, is but a part of the story of modern warfare. The setting for the offerings of life must be prepared more carefully than any stage scene. In a diary kept by F. C. Baker, '12, of the Cyclist Service in the British Army, published in the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, a picture of the hard physical labor involved in the making of trenches, and of the conditions under which the work is done, may be found.

About June 10, 1915.[1]

WE have been kept well occupied, supplying working parties to assist "sappers." The work we have been doing has been mostly on one small part of the line, where there is a very pronounced local salient. Across this salient a second line of trenches is being made in case of any need of giving up the apex of the salient. A line of this sort is known as a "switch," and it more

[1] From *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, December, 1915.

or less cuts along the salient and joins up with the present fire-trenches on either side. Most nights we have been working on this switch, either digging or improving trenches, or putting up wire or carrying up material. Some of the ground covered by this line can be seen from the German line, so work cannot be carried on there by day; moreover, an aeroplane would soon spot any working party and have it shelled right away. Being able to work only by dark has meant regular hours, almost like the routine hours of a peace-time job. We start off in the evening in time to get our digging tools and get up to the work just as sufficient darkness arrives to afford cover, and leave again as the first light begins to show itself. This " switch " is by no means healthy, as it is very liberally distributed by all the bullets coming over our fire-trenches from the other side. Such fire is called " overs," and, of course, is not aimed at one, but is just as good at doing damage, when it hits, as aimed fire might be. Being a salient, the middle part of the ground gets " overs " from the flanks as well as the front. If there is a lot of fire coming from the German trenches, we have to quit work until it cools down a bit. It is rather a thankless job, it seems to me, as we are losing quite a few men at it, and get very little in return but candid criticism from rather self-satisfied R. E. subalterns.

On the other hand, there are most distinct and pleasant advantages attached to it. There is a pleasant ride back in the early hours of morning, some welcome sleep, and then the day to one's self. When carrying stuff up to the " switch," we ride to an R. E. " dump " or store, load limbers with the required material, go with the limbers as far as it is safe for them to go (which is about a mile and a half behind the lines), and then unload the stuff. Each man takes as much as he can carry, and the journey is made to the place where the stuff is wanted. It is slow going, some of it through communication-trenches, and usually only about four journeys can be made, at the most, before dawn appears. I will try to describe the surroundings, seen as our party is digging. The line of the fire-trenches for miles around can be made out by the " flares " which continually go up (a kind of rockets fired from a pistol, which give out a ball of bright light as they burst in the air and show the ground in front of the trenches to those holding them). You can see that the line here forms a rough arc of an arch. There is the continuous noise of rifle-fire from the trenches around and the curious snaps like small explosions which bullets make as they come past when they have been fired from not very far away, the noise of an occasional trench-mortar firing, and perhaps some guns firing

and shells bursting on one side or the other. A "flare" will go up close at hand, and it will show for a second the ground around one — long grass, broken trenches here and there, with the earth from them piled in front or behind, mostly old trenches, some fairly straight and some zigzag communication-trenches. There is a short glimpse of the trench we are working, with our men outlined in it, putting up sandbags or filling them, or digging at the sides or bottom of the trench, all bending as low as they can to keep out of harm's way, then beyond them, perhaps, some barbed wire as far as one can see for the moment, or the ruins of a cottage.

Our track, when carrying material, has often taken us through the remains of a little village. This village must have been very beautiful at one time, with a quaint little main street and a church in the middle of it. We have been through it on more than one night when the moon has been very bright, and in such a light its ruins were a weird and quite a picturesque sight.

THE AMERICAN DISTRIBUTING SERVICE

THE following letter differs from its fellows, in this collection, in that it was written, not by a participant, but by an observer of an important branch of relief work in France, in which Harvard men have borne a leading part. In October of 1915, Langdon Warner, '03, recently returned from France, was asked to contribute to the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin* an account of the work of the American Distributing Service, and his letter appeared in the issue of October 20. It has the advantage of saying what Cross and Greeley and the others would never have said for themselves. One of them, in a private letter near the beginning of the war, wrote in a vein so characteristic of the spirit which took many men to Europe and kept others there that a few of his words may well be cited:

> I hope at least I can speak of my desire to help, without sounding as if I overestimated its value. Everything has some importance, and I should

> hate to think of going home to an ordinary life while there is a chance to do my share. . . . Don't think I am trying to be heroic! I am just finding out how strong my feelings are for right and justice. I wish I could tell you of something certain or already accomplished, but I can only hope to explain to you why I don't come home.

Warner's letter is as follows:[1]

YOU asked me for a word to the *Bulletin* about Harvard men in France and something of the work they are doing. There are many there — with the army and out of it — doing all sorts of things under different organizations, as well as privately. One could not see a tenth of the number.

The little group that I saw most included several Harvard men. They have been doing work which is so important that their friends at home should know more about it. As I write this, comes the shocking news that my classmate Bob Cross is dead, and Russell Greeley, '01, lies in hospital with a broken hip; they were on duty, hurrying supplies to a French hospital. Last night came a cablegram from the remaining four in their distribution service telling of the pressing need for supplies and money, most of all

[1] In *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*, October 20, 1915.

money, to meet the needs of the thousands of wounded left behind by the new offensive action of the last fortnight.

Briefly, this is what these few Americans have been doing for the last fourteen months. Organized by the wife of Robert Woods Bliss, '00, they have used funds supplied by her for the instant relief of the most obvious necessities in the hospitals of France. They call themselves the American Distributing Service. The work has been done in a way that has entirely won the hearts of the French, and they have managed to avoid appearing as critics of the volunteer and army hospitals and the other services.

The French organizations are admirable and have proved their adaptability, since the terrible times after the victory of the Marne, to the present. These young men have been a part of it all, and have been permitted to carry a burden which, except in times of unbelievable stress, would never have been trusted to foreigners. The Ministry of War had sent a circular letter to the hospitals of France giving the staffs permission to tell their needs to the American Distributing Service.

The hospitals have been personally visited by members of the Service, and in the Paris headquarters are the detailed reports concerning them, a bulky set of

folders, growing weekly, with added lists of supplies that have been hurried out to each. This headquarters, given the American Distributing Service by the Paris Préfet de Police, has been turned into a great depot for materials; but the most impressive thing about it to the visitor is that the shelves are for the most part empty. In these days supplies are not kept long on hand. The floors above are turned into living rooms for refugees, and in another part the homeless women work on shirts and bandages and pyjamas made from cloth supplied by the Distributing Committee, who turn them over to the hospitals as soon as they are finished.

Surgical instruments, bolts of cloth, sacks of sugar and coffee, hospital socks and slippers, and bales of underclothes are barely sorted before they are away on one of the overworked motors, either direct to a nearby hospital or to the railway where they are carried free on government pass to more distant points.

Four of the staff are continually on the road visiting hospitals and keeping in touch with their requirements, writing or telegraphing back to headquarters for urgently needed shipments. All work is done in French, by Americans so thoroughly in touch with the country they serve that there is no hitch, no sense of patronizing outside aid for a proud and sensitive

people. Best of all there is no red tape. The staff can buy in Paris what they decide to give away, and the money is accounted for on their own carefully-kept books. That is why they want funds which are readily convertible into supplies of any sort, though they are glad to get bolts of cloth suitable for shirts and pyjamas, or gauze and cotton and antiseptics.

I have by me, as I write, ninety-nine pages of typewritten statistics covering the distribution during last August alone, when 44,587 articles were sent out, including material for operating rooms, surgical instruments, clothing of all kinds, sterilizing apparatus, bandages, linen, etc. The list of hospitals helped is now well over seven hundred, and the committee are getting into touch with fresh ones every day.

There is no other organization in France on the same footing, and no other American organization for hospital relief was formed so early. They have been hard at work since August, 1914.

Other Americans are doing work more exciting, and more dramatic, and better known: but it would be difficult to find any group of men who are rendering better service behind the scenes. The most cautious international lawyer could not accuse them of violating letter or spirit of our carefully studied American neutrality by their ministrations.

Now comes the news that Bob Cross, '03, is killed on duty, and Russell Greeley, '01,[1] is disabled, but the service is going on full blast. There has been no public appeal for money, but three weeks ago they told me that they are now reaching the point where such an appeal must be made if the work is to be kept up.

I should like to write of Bob Cross — perhaps the most conscientious fellow we knew — who, after exploring and hunting on repeated dangerous expeditions in the Arctic, met death on a French highway rushing supplies to the wounded. But this work of his and of his friends speaks clearly enough for Harvard College to know the rest.

[The personnel of the American Distributing Service has been as follows: Russell H. Greeley, '01, Director (disabled); Geoffrey Dodge (Yale), Secretary; Horace B. Stanton, '00; B. B. Moore; Gerland Beadel; Charles Robert Cross, Jr., '03 (killed).]

[1] Not long after this occurrence Greeley was awarded the Cross of the Legion of Honor by the French government.

A HARVARD CLUB AT THE FRONT

ANOTHER letter to the *Bulletin*, this time from an active worker with the motor service of the American Ambulance Hospital, brought the welcome intelligence that Harvard men were meeting in a spirit of Harvard fellowship, even near to the battle-line. On February 12, 1916, Stephen Galatti, '10, wrote from Paris as follows:[1]

THE Harvard Club of Alsace Reconquise came into being on the night before the Yale football game and performed, as such, three official acts, namely: to send a telegram to Percy Haughton[2] advising him how to beat Yale by Joffre tactics; secondly, to drink the health of the team after said game; thirdly, to have

[1] See *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*, March 8, 1916.

[2] This message, as recorded in the diary of T. J. Putnam, '15, on November 20, 1915, was as follows: "A la veille de votre combat, salut! Serrez vos ceintures, fixez vos baionnettes, chargez vos fusils grenades à main, et en avant les gars! On vous regarde même des sommets des Vosges.

"Le Harvard Club d'Alsace Reconquise."

On November 22 Putnam wrote: "The Harvard-Yale score was announced, 41–0. The Harvard Club of Alsace Reconquise celebrated mildly, for Doyle (our only Yale man) was away."

their photograph taken. The first act was censored by unsympathetic officials, the second was successful, and the third I enclose for your judgment.

The reason for bringing this to your notice is that it may perhaps show you that Harvard is playing an important rôle in the work of the American Ambulance Field Service. There have been seventy-three Harvard men so far associated with it, and, as it happens, the largest proportion have been with the Section working in Alsace. This Section was sent there in April, and after ten months service has been transferred to another army. While there, it had the opportunity, owing to the character of the country, to become the pioneer in evacuating wounded over those mountains by automobiles, the little Ford cars replacing mules, as fast as an extra few feet could be added to the width of the paths. In June, during an attack, the Section proved that an efficient evacuation of wounded could be made over one mountain road, and later, in October, and again in December, at Hartmanswillerkopf was able to cope with the difficult conditions. In the period between these attacks the daily service over many mountain roads, covered with mud, snow, or ice, was performed regularly, and reduced the hours of transport for the wounded in one run from five to two hours, and in others from three to less than one hour.

With the moving of the Section to another army, the Harvard Club of Alsace Reconquise ends its active career (but expects to have even more active meetings in New York or Boston). It was perhaps only a name, but its members enjoyed the name as signifying that Harvard was there too in reconquered territory, and they feel that its unique position among many Harvard Clubs may interest your readers.

R. Lawrence, '02, with D. D. L. McGrew, '03, and Lovering Hill, '10, as assistants, was Section-leader from April to July; on the departure of the former two, L. Hill, '10, with H. M. Suckley, '10, Durant Rice, '12, and A. G. Carey, '14, as assistants, was appointed to its head.

The following is a list of members:

A. G. Carey, '14.
P. T. Cate, '15.
C. R. Codman, '15.
E. J. Curley, '04.
W. K. Emerson, '16.
Stephen Galatti, '10.
H. D. Hale, '14.
H. K. Hardon, '12.
A. T. Henderson, '13.
Lovering Hill, '10.
A. R. Jennings, G.S. '14–15.
Richard Lawrence, '02.
D. W. Lewis, '14.
D. D. L. McGrew, '03.
John Melcher, '18.
J. M. Mellen, '17.
Waldo Peirce, '07.
J. R. O. Perkins, '14.
T. J. Putnam, '15.
W. K. Rainsford, '04.
Durant Rice, '12.
J. H. Smith, '02.
H. M. Suckley, '10.
M. F. Talbot, '16.
P. B. Watson, '15.

A SCENE IN ALSACE

THOUGH the letter from Waldo Peirce, '07, to Professor C. T. Copeland, from which the ensuing passages are taken, bears a later date — May 1, 1916 — than that of some which follow, it describes the scene in which the Harvard Club of Alsace Reconquise had its being. It is accordingly printed here — not only for its revelation of the activities of members of this unique Harvard Club, but also for its vivid picture of nature torn asunder by war.

I SPENT the winter in Haute Alsace — around a certain old nubbin — "a protuberance of terra firma," à la Dr. Johnson — called Hartmanswillerkopf. I wish to God I were still there. When I was there I usually wished I were anywhere else in the world. The bottom of a sewer to the armpits and over in liquid manure would have seemed a wholesome and savory situation — provided the sewer were profound enough and the manure resistant enough to defy *obus*, and all their kind.

To see the old nubbin itself — spur of the Vosges — concealed between the parallel spurs — one must grind up the old mule paths — since broadened into

fair wood roads — quite close. Leave the main artillery, go out towards a battery or observation " poste," crawl into an old shell hole, and where the trees have snapped like straws to the *obus*, take a good look through. Below you are still trees, but as the ground rises *au face*, they dwindle and disappear, as disappears all vegetation in great altitudes, or diminish towards the north — quietly, quietly towards the ice-fields. Here, however, no great altitude, nor any ice-fields. First come the maimed trees, then the skeletons of those dead with their boots on, then a bare stump or two — a few ankle bones — then nothing. Before the war all was forest — and a damned thick one at that. Then, all our timber, grown to its prime, lulled into a false security, sun-basking *en beau temps*, buffeting and jostling their neighbors in the wind — crash one day out of a clear sky! . . . The nubbin, the old ridge, the spur, the razor-back, whatever you call it, loses its pelt; after its pelt, its hide — after that, its whole scorched anatomy is drubbed, hammered, ploughed, furrowed, ripped, scoured, torn, shattered — consult dictionary of synonyms — and beplastered with every calibre of *obus* that whines. For they whine, the bastards, they whine to tell you of their coming, and give the flesh a moment to goose itself in, and damned pagans like some of us to find a religion.

No Moslem ever curved his vertebrae with a quicker parabola at the sight of Mecca — or the antics of the Sun. No armadillo or ant-eater ever entrenched his proboscis in the ground with the despatch of our hero at the whine of an *obus*, to all intents and purposes about to land between the eyes. Mud, manure, . . . down into it, nose first, and make thy world therein, while she whines and whines overhead! Sometimes the whining becomes a drone, feebler and feebler — perhaps she isn't going to make the grade. You help her on her way with every muscle in your prostrate form. Once I drove into an *abri*, side of the road, and stuck at the entrance — a damned narrow passage, not for maternity girdles — leaving two friends outside, alternately pushing and pulling in vain. I was known as the human *bondon* (bung) thereafter — another man, the human "magnet," attracting always tons of metal. . . . Another man is called the human "earth-worm," always to be found in a cellar or gutter. . . . I have hit cellars too, consoling good nuns — sisters of charity of German stock, i. e., Alsacians — who gave me underclothes of the dead, gratefully received, for my sympathetic attitude. One was killed one day of bombardment in the valley. I wear still a good khaki jersey she gave me. I've forgotten her name — probably Ursula.

I started out to give you a description of our mountain. I left you peering through the gap in the trees — *n'est-ce pas?* — *Eh bien* — before you, the old scalped nubbin — the most awful monument of war I have seen. It's inhabited, this mass of *terra infirma* — *muy, muy inferma* — as the Spaniard would say — (this being Cervantes tricentenary, have to heave in a bit of old Castillian). There are small ants of men who crawl about amid its boils, ruptures, and gaping sores. Some are French, some Boches. The lines are about a yard apart at the top, for no one side can hold it against the other, though taken and retaken many times. Thus they live together — only in the fear of killing one's own lies their security. It's a sort of terrific altar of war against the sky, drenched with a thousand sacrifices, rising grim and naked, and scarred alive — the valley and her slopes tree-covered. It was always a spectacle that chased the red corpuscles in my veins down into my heels, and brought every white one to the surface. The last time I looked at it, perhaps we were seen — we were three — the *obus* began whining at us from somewhere in Bocheland — I measured my length . . . as I will measure it again. Somewhere on the Vosgean steep . . . there must be a perfect mold — the life-mask of one Peirce, conducteur d'ambulance. I have not seen the old nubbin since.

THE DEATH OF A COMRADE

STILL another picture of the life led in the Vosges by the group of Harvard men who formed the Club of Alsace Reconquise is found in the diary of Tracy J. Putnam, '15. It would be possible to draw upon its pages, not only for experiences in the winter mountains, but also for summer days in Dunkirk and its vicinity. Here there is space but for the journal of seven days, on the last of which occurred the funeral of a comrade killed in service — Richard Hall of Ann Arbor, a graduate of Dartmouth, much beloved by his fellows at the front.

MONDAY, December 20th.

AFTER dinner walked out over the moonlit fields, the great guns booming at intervals. Returning, met a soldier fully armed, and somewhat tipsy. He demanded my name and business, but would not divulge his own; as he had the gun, I gave way. Soon we became very chummy; he told me he was an *agent de liaison*, coming to Mollau to see his girl, and asked me in to have a drink with him. If I had been a spy I could have had all his papers.

Continued back to the billet, absorbed in contemplation. Was seized by the telephonist; some one wanted urgently to speak to Hill and Triffault. Found both with some trouble.

The message was, seven cars to Tomans, two to Freuenstein, one to Pastetenplatz, five to Moosch. The attack is on! the attack is on!

SUNDAY, December 21st.

COLD, cloudy. Terrific bombardment.

An atmosphere of ill-suppressed excitement. Galatti, Mellen and I went up to Freuenstein, arriving about ten. The road was full of troops and wagons — many, staff cars. At the post we found ourselves in the midst of a group of batteries of various sizes, firing incessantly. Occasionally the two "370's" in the valley would go off, and we would hear the shell tear past over our heads.

No work in the morning or early afternoon, as the attack did not begin until noon.

We three walked to the *boyau* leading to the trenches on the Sudelkopf, and cautiously peered over the ridge at Hartmanns. A terrible sight! There was a band of trees stripped bare by shell-fire, from the valley to the crest. Shells were landing momently on each side of the line, and sending up a little or a big cloud of

smoke. We saw one torpedo, rising and falling slowly, wavering from side to side like a bird, and finally bursting.

A company of soldiers passed us, going to the trenches. They stopped to load; then went on, stooping behind the parapet. It did not seem possible that any of them could go down to that shell-dotted hillside and return alive; I wonder if any of them did.

We walked down to the ridge again, mostly on our bellies, through the light wet snow, past two telephonists nervously following a wire, past a trench with the hand-grenades laid out, past the path to the castle, and so back to the post. The mediaeval castle of Freuenstein is on the top of a little hill. It would be an interesting place to visit; only the Germans found a "75" battery in it, and knocked it to pieces, and always look on it now with suspicion.

We returned to the post. As I have said, there was no work for some time; standing still, it was cold, and a light snow was falling; no place to stay; and no meals were provided for us. We at last found a cabin which kept the wind off, and I went to sleep. Woke up hungry and cold; the others had found a travelling kitchen, and we got something to eat.

Just before dusk, prisoners and wounded began to come in. One of the former could speak French, and a

crowd collected to hang on his words. The Germans were pleased enough to be prisoners. They had better be! The chasseurs do not take prisoners; they shot about twenty who wished to surrender today.

The French were successful everywhere, as far as we can find out, in this first attack. They have got to the valley of the Sudel ridge.

I rolled last, about five. *Blessés*, French and Germans were coming in quickly, some hung in blankets for want of stretchers. One or two men had pneumonia from the gas. The three I took down were all rather low.

We have to descend by the Bittschwiller road, like all the rest of the traffic. A good idea, but poor in practice, especially as the B— road is so difficult. . . . Road from Tomans down, icy and slippery; Mellen unable to descend with only one chain, wagons everywhere in trouble. I reached Moosch in safety, however.

WEDNESDAY, December 22.

WARMER, thaw, rain, mist. Somewhat less bombardment.

Woke, much refreshed, to find a thaw setting in, with mist and rain. After a little work on the car, rolled up the hill. *Blessés* coming in rather more slowly, but still fast enough to keep us busy.

Last night Hill and the Divisionnaire were down near Bains-Douches, when they came across a body of Germans, unarmed but unguarded. So they had to act as guards; marshalled them, and marched them to the post, Hill giving commands in German.

Trips to Bains-Douches and Heerenfluh; shells rather close.

On one of my trips to Moosch was able to pick up a *peau de mouton*, and some Boche boots; much needed, for both my pairs are soaked through.

The hospital is getting more and more crowded. . . . The corridors are so full of stretchers that it is almost impossible to move along them. There is room for only six stretcher cases in the *salle de buage*, and there is a rule against removing any of them into the hospital until all have been entered on the books. Six cars waited two hours to be unloaded, the poor wretches inside crying to be unloaded. And everyone has been expecting the attack for two weeks!

Bad news from the trenches: the Germans have counter-attacked in force, and retaken most of their losses. Worst of all is the disaster which has befallen the 152nd, one of the finest " attacking regiments " in France. They were on Hartmanns; after a terrific bombardment, the signal was given to charge. The Germans gave little or no resistance, but fled or sur-

rendered. They passed two trenches, and were attacking the third, when a large body of Germans appeared behind them, having reached the first trenches by a subterranean passage. There were no reserves; all but less than a company of the 152nd were killed or captured. That has been the universal complaint: no reserves.

However, the number of German prisoners is between one thousand and one thousand five hundred, with more killed. The French losses are very large also.

We have to go by the Bitschwiller road again. But when it is muddy, it is not so bad, for the mud acts as a brake. We are not supposed to have headlights, although some do. Suckley told the driver of a staff car this; the driver took one look at the precipice, and said: "Si vous pouvez descendre sur cette route sans flares, vous êtes plus malin que moi." And he went on.

Slept three hours at Tomans.

THURSDAY, December 23d.

RAIN and mist. Bombardment by the Germans.

After a slight lull in the morning, work began again. Rolled pretty steadily.

The Germans are firing on all the towns they can reach in the Thur: Thann, the Willers, Moosch, St.

Amarin, Wesserling, and Hüeseren. Two large ones hit in the yard behind the baths at the 16–7[1] while Douglas was at the hospital; they have closed it. A good many people, soldiers and civilians, have been killed.

There has been heavy shelling on the Bains-Douches road also. Doyle was sent down to the post there, but the marmites were so thick that he had to retire to the *abri*. He only stuck his nose out once in the course of the day — and just then a shell went off near the door of the dug out, and struck him in the arm. Douglas was sent down at twilight when the shelling let up a little, and he was relayed to the Sources, with great honor. The missile went down to the bone, but did not cut either nerve or tendon; somewhat painful, but not serious, and so romantic! . . .

But the shortage of men is serious. Walker has been ill since the first day. Perkins has developed an abscess in the ear. Carey, out for a record, has been checked by a sore throat. The strain is telling a little on all of us; only Curley is a man of iron, who is so uncomfortable at Moosch that he rolls up to Tomans, and so disgusted with Tomans that he rolls down to Moosch again at once.

The cars, too, are giving way. The Bitschwiller road is wearing out brake-bands faster than they can

[1] The hospital at Wesserling.

be put on. Several axle shafts have broken, among others that on the supply car, that is now reposing among the corpses in the garage at Tomans.

FRIDAY, December 24th.

HEAVY showers, mist.

Fitful bombardment, evidently much hampered by the fog.

Made one trip in the morning, one in the early afternoon. Returning from the latter, was impressed into service by Dick Hall to get a *couché* and four *assis* at Willer. But when we got to the infirmary, found that the "lier" could sit up, so that they could all five get into Hall's car. But no sooner had they mounted than an *infirmier* said he had to go too. We dissuaded him, however, and I rolled up the mountain, and Dick rolled down to Moosch. Poor Dick! Poor charming, whimsical Dick! I never saw him again.

Had a trip down in time for supper at Moosch. On my way up found Cate in trouble with a tire — his sixth since the beginning of the attack — and stopped to help him. When we were finished, we went on, but found Douglas, Peirce, Jennings, all waiting at the watering trough for some trucks to reach the top of the hill, as they were impossible to pass. Finally we started off again, a merry convoy, stopping to heave

Peirce's old 'bus up every little grade. A cart, stuck in the middle of the steep corner, complicated matters, but we finally reached Tomans. I was lulled to sleep by one of the survivors recounting the story of the 152nd.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

FOG. Desultory firing. No work.

As I was lying awake in the morning, the sergeant of the *infirmiers* came in. "Very bad news everywhere," he said with a grave face. "We have lost several of our trenches — and one of the Americans has been killed."

After I saw Dick at Willer, he must have taken his men to Moosch, waited there a little while, and started up to Tomans again as usual. The road was almost empty. I can imagine him stopping at the lonely watering trough, smiling a little to himself, as he used to when he was alone, hearing the shells above him, and thinking perhaps how lucky Doyle was to have come off as easily as he did; perhaps of something entirely different, of Christmas, of going home — who knows what? Then he cranked his car, and started to climb again.

For some time the Germans had been trying without success to locate an observation post on the ridge above Tomansplatz, near Markstein. A battery, probably

at the northern end of the Sudelkopf, had been firing at it on Christmas Eve. One of the last shells, between six and seven in the evening, overshot the ridge, and fell on the zigzags of the road, about midway between the turn with the watering trough and the steep corner. It struck Dick Hall's car just behind the front seat; it must have been quite a big one, for it blew the car completely off the road, bent in the frame, smashed to match-wood the light body, flattened out the tins of petrol. Dick was wounded in three places, the head, the side, and the thigh, and killed at once.

His body lay there, among the wreck of his car, all night. Our merry convoy passed without seeing it. I saw one of the gasoline cans by the side of the road, and stopped to pick it up, wondering who dropped it. About six in the morning, just as it was getting light, Jennings and Matter came up together; they saw the car, stopped to look at it, and found the body.

MONDAY, December 27th.

CHILLY, intermittent rain.

Went down about noon. The *triage* has been transferred from Moosch to Willer; after leaving my men at the latter place, proceeded to the former.

Hill gave me permission to stay down for Dick's funeral. About half the boys were down; we drove

over through the rain to the Protestant chapel at Wesserling. A chaplain preached. The chapel was at first empty, but slowly it filled up with English and Frenchmen; all our friends, and some we had never known.

After the civil ceremony, the coffin was loaded in Louis' ambulance, and driven to Moosch again for the military ceremony. A guard of honor of old Territorials — all they could spare, I suppose — lined up on each side. The Protestant chaplain again conducted the ceremony, while the crowd listened bareheaded in the rain. The *divisionnaire* pinned the *croix de guerre* on the flag that draped the bier; the several majors each spoke a few words. The pall-bearers took up the coffin, and we all marched to the crowded graveyard on the hill behind the hospital.

The English section was present almost to a man. There were, of course, a great many of the French — so many people had known Dick and liked him. The little girl from the café, and the one from the shop, both came to leave a flower on the grave.

WITH THE FOREIGN LEGION

THERE has been no more courageous service in the War than that of the Foreign Legion of the French Army. This organization, drawn from men of all races and types, contained its Harvard representatives — among them Victor Chapman, '13, who turned later, and fatally, to the Flying Service; Alan Seeger, '10, a young poet of uncommon promise, several times, and at length without denial, reported killed; H. W. Farnsworth, '12, killed at Tahure in the autumn of 1915, a writer of remarkable letters from which some passages will presently be given; and David W. King, '16, also to be represented in a letter written from the front. Before them, however, a poem of Seeger's which appeared in the *North American Review*, a charming expression of the spirit of joyous and devoted youth, the more poignant now through the fulfillment of its prophetic strain, should enter at this point in the record of Harvard service.

CHAMPAGNE, 1914–15[1]

On the glad revels, in the happy fêtes,
When cheeks are flushed, and glasses gilt and pearled
With the sweet wine of France that concentrates
The sunshine and the beauty of the world,

Drink sometimes, you whose footsteps yet may tread
The undisturbed, delightful paths of Earth,
To those whose blood, in pious duty shed,
Hallows the soil where that same wine had birth.

Here, by devoted comrades laid away,
Along our lines they slumber where they fell,
Beside the crater at the Ferme d'Alger
And up the bloody slopes of La Pompelle,

And round the city whose cathedral towers
The enemies of Beauty dared profane,
And in the mat of multicolored flowers
That clothe the sunny chalk-fields of Champagne.

Under the little crosses where they rise
The soldier rests. Now round him undismayed
The cannon thunders, and at night he lies
At peace beneath the eternal fusillade. . . .

[1] From *North American Review*, October, 1915.

That other generations might possess —
From shame and menace free in years to come —
A richer heritage of happiness,
He marched to that heroic martyrdom.

Esteeming less the forfeit that he paid
Than undishonored that his flag might float
Over the towers of liberty, he made
His breast the bulwark and his blood the moat.

Obscurely sacrificed, his nameless tomb,
Bare of the sculptor's art, the poet's lines,
Summer shall flush with poppy-fields in bloom,
And Autumn yellow with maturing vines.

There the grape-pickers at their harvesting
Shall lightly tread and load their wicker trays,
Blessing his memory as they toil and sing
In the slant sunshine of October days. . . .

I love to think that if my blood should be
So privileged to sink where his has sunk,
I shall not pass from Earth entirely
But when the banquet rings, when healths are drunk,

And faces that the joys of living fill
Glow radiant with laughter and good cheer,
In beaming cups some spark of me shall still
Brim toward the lips that once I held so dear.

So shall one coveting no higher plane
Than nature clothes in color and flesh and tone,
Even from the grave put upward to attain [known;
The dreams youth cherished and missed and might have

And that strong need that strove unsatisfied
Toward earthly beauty in all forms it wore,
Not death itself shall utterly divide
From the belovéd shapes it thirsted for.

Alas, how many an adept for whose arms
Life held delicious offerings perished here,
How many in the prime of all that charms,
Crowned with all gifts that conquer and endear!

Honor them not so much with tears and flowers,
But you with whom the sweet fulfillment lies,
Where in the anguish of atrocious hours
Turned their last thoughts and closed their dying eyes,

Rather when music or bright gathering lays
Its tender spell, and joy is uppermost,
Be mindful of the men they were, and raise
Your glasses to them in one silent toast.

Drink to them — amorous of dear Earth as well,
They asked no tribute lovelier than this —
And in the wine that ripened where they fell,
Oh, frame your lips as though it were a kiss.

ALAN SEEGER,
Deuxième Regiment Étrangère.

CHAMPAGNE, FRANCE, July, 1915.

FROM DAVID W. KING, '16

The letter from King, written when his classmates at Cambridge had just begun the peaceful work and warlike play of their senior year, is as follows:

October 12, 1915.[1]

On the 24th of September we were moved up into a *boyau*, so as to be ready for the attack the next day. The shelling was something hellish, and had been going on for three days and nights. The morning of the twenty-fifth was foggy, and it was thought that the attack would be postponed, but about nine o'clock it cleared off and we moved up into the first line trenches. If the shelling was infernal before, it was quadruple then. We had to cross a road and get into the final sally trench, and I assure you, we did it on the hop, marmites landing bang on the spot, and the air full of humming-birds and insects.

The Colonial Infantry led off, and we were their immediate supports, following them at one hundred yards' distance. They swept forward and took trench after trench, all demolished by our guns, and then we followed them. It was pretty to see the effects of training; we went forward just as we had done a hundred times in practice.

[1] From *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*, March 22, 1916.

When we had passed over the first two lines of trenches, we began to get their shrapnel, so we halted in close formation. Some one screamed on my right, and my gun was shattered in my hand. The little corporal beside me had got his in the head. We then moved up into an old German *boyau*, but there were some guns back of us, and we got all the marmites that fell short of them; this was not good enough, so the battalion followed up and we came to a stop in an open field at about four o'clock. They turned loose everything they had on us — shrapnel, marmites, air torpedoes, and mitrailleuses, and, as we had advanced farther than the rest of the line, they had us enfiladed. About ten o'clock, they moved us to a little ridge twenty-five metres back, and told us to dig ourselves in. It was raining hard and we were lying flat in the mud, so you may be sure we were glad of the exercise.

Morning found us in individual shelter-holes, and just as well, for at day-break the fun began again. We lay there all day, on an exposed crest. I forgot to say that during the night, fifty yards ahead in a work where the first line was, we suddenly heard a deuce of a row, shouts, shots, and all sorts of confusion. Suddenly a bugle rang out with "*Au drapeau*," and then the Charge. Then there was a lot of French cheering and silence. It seems that the Boches had made a

counter and the regiment in front was broken and scattering. It flashed over one of our "clarions," who found himself with them, to sound the Charge. It is forbidden to use bugle calls, but this time it pulled them together, and they pushed the Boches back with "Rosalie." We didn't know what to do; we could only stand fast till they were driven back on us, but we almost went crazy when they blew that charge, — it sure was inspiring. The thick gutteral shouts, and then clear through it all: —

'Y a de la goutte à boir' là haut,
'Y a de la goutte à boir'!

Well, we spent the twenty-sixth in the field, as I say; nothing to mention. That night they got our range with marmites. One of our sergeants was buried alive, and we had to dig him out under fire; just in time too; he was gasping like a fish when we got him.

The morning of the twenty-seventh, we went back two hundred yards and held a *boyau*. Some hell it was too; it was an old Boche *boyau*, and they had the range down pat. I was working up on its *talus*, and they dropped one bang into it. It blew me over backward, and when I picked myself up, there was thick black smoke pouring out of the trench; no one killed. Some luck!

More rain that night, but we got some food. The morning of the twenty-eighth, we were moved across the whole field to make an attack on our right. I believe our battalion was cited in the order of the Army for their conduct under the shelling and fire we got. We got into a little woods just before our rush for the final position, and the section on our right got a marmite bang in its centre. I looked around to see what looked like a football scrimmage wreathed in smoke, — just a whirl of men and smoke. I had no time to see any more, as we had to cover the last gap at a run.

We arrived in position behind a little wood and there found out that the rest had attacked before our arrival, had hit the barbed wire, and had been wiped out. We didn't attack.

Late that night we returned to the *boyau*. More rain on the morning of the twenty-ninth. Same manoeuvre; we crossed the whole front again, got into the same position, dug ourselves in and waited; were shelled all day but lost practically nothing.

We spent the night in the holes we dug.

We spent the thirtieth in the same holes. That night we took over some advance ditches and converted them into trenches.

More shelling. We spent the first (October) in the same place. The night of the second, we were relieved,

and, after working all day, we were marched back thirty miles. We got there the morning of the third, cleaned our rifles, found our mail, and camped under canvas. On the morning of the fourth, there were rumors that we were to return that night. At three o'clock in the morning of the fifth they called us out, and off we went. Arrived in the third line, and slept in arms. We were in reserve all day of the sixth, as there was an attack in front. The Tirailleurs Senegalais attacked, but were checked. The Zouaves, on their right, attacked, took their trench, and then took the one that the Tirailleurs were to have taken.

We spent the night in the same place. There was a Dutch gunner who had the direction down pat. He didn't deviate one millimetre from the point of my nose, but he didn't have the distance at all; he was making wonderful guesses at it all through the night. It quite spoiled my sleep.

The night of the eighth, we came up here. It's the deuce of a place. We work on the front line all night, and they amuse themselves by dropping shrapnel and marmites into the working parties. During the day we are supposed to rest, but there are batteries all around us, and the consequence is that the Boches are always feeling around them, and the guns themselves make such a fiendish racket that we are almost deaf.

To make things more cheerful, as we were going to work, a shell burst near my best friend (F. W. Zinn) who was walking just ahead of me, and he got a piece in the side. It did not penetrate, but it made a bad contusion just under his heart, and I am afraid it smashed some ribs. There were no Red Cross workers nearby, so I had to take him back. He could hardly breathe when I got him to the *poste de secours*. Lucky devil! He will get a month's rest, but I miss him like anything, as friends are pretty scarce around here.

FROM THE LETTERS OF H. W. FARNSWORTH, '12

When the European War began, Henry Weston Farnsworth, '12, was in Mexico as a correspondent of the Providence *Journal*. An eager lover of life outside the beaten paths, he had already seen something of one war — in the Balkans — and had published a book, "The Log of a Would-be War-Correspondent." Again he set out for Europe, and before the end of 1914 found himself in Paris, a candidate for enlistment in the Foreign Legion of the French Army. The following passages from his letters between January 1 and September of 1915 will give some glimpses of the heroic service in

which he met his death at Tahure on September 29, 1915. His schoolmate at Groton and fellow graduate of Harvard, Victor Chapman, '13, whose own death in the French aviation service nine months later is recounted in the later pages of this book, was also a member of the Legion when Farnsworth fell, and on November 2, 1915, wrote thus of his death to Groton School: "I suppose you have heard by now that Henry Farnsworth was killed in Champagne in the last days of September. A brave fellow he was and a gallant one. The two or three times I met him at college he made little impression; but in the months I knew him in the Legion, I respected him and enjoyed him more and more. When everything was going badly, . . . he was always optimistic, serene, and an immense moral force in his company. 'Leave the Legion? Never!' When we were transferred to the 2me de Marche and the true Legion, then he was exultant. Many of the 2me felt insulted to be put with the 'desperate characters,' but he only told them since they had come to fight they should be the more happy to be put with the most fearless — perhaps the most famous regiment in France, since the 9th

of May and the 16th of June. I knew he could have wished for nothing more glorious than to die as he did when the Étrangère covered itself with honor on the 29th. The Tirailleurs Algériens flinched on the right, but his battalion went on and was demolished."

The ensuing passages from Henry Farnsworth's letters to his family shall be anticipated by no more than a single, censored passage from one of them: "If anything happens to me you can be sure that it was on the way to victory, for these troops have been . . . but never beaten."

PARIS, January 1, 1915.

I AM trying to join the Legion. Of course, I may have to drill for two, or even three months, and that will delay matters; but on the other hand, a company of recruits was sent right into the first line after two weeks' training, to replace a company that had been wiped out. The new volunteers in the Legion — those that joined during the month of September — were sent forward in November and have had heavy losses. That may mean that we shall be wanted to fill up gaps. At the worst we are bound to take part in the big spring campaign when the serious offensive begins, and

with a stroke of luck I might be in at the death — the Prussian death, that is.

January 5.

I GO into barracks here in Paris, and, as soon as a company is ready, on to the front. The joining was to me very solemn. After being stripped and examined as carefully as a horse, and given a certificate of "aptitude," I went to another place and was sworn in. A little old man with two medals and a glistening eye looked over my papers, and then in a strong voice asked if I was prepared to become a soldier of France, and, if asked to, lay down my life for her cause. Then I signed, and was told to report the next morning, and be prepared to start training at once. Lately I have come to love Paris beyond all cities, and now I think in a dim way I can understand how the French love it.

PARIS, January 9, 1915.

I HAVE now been five days in the Legion, and am beginning to feel at home there. We are at present in the barracks of Reuilly, but already there is talk of going to the front. . . .

As for the Legion — as far as I have seen it so far — it is not much like its reputation. . . . In the first place, there is no "tough" element at all. Many of the

men are educated, and the very lowest is of the high-class workman type. In my room, for instance, there are "Le Petit Père U——," an old Alsacian, who has already served fourteen years in the Legion in China and Morocco; the Corporal L——, a Socialist well-known in his own district; E——, a Swiss cotton broker from Havre; D—— C——, a newspaper man, and short-story writer, who will not serve in the English Army because his family left England in 1745, with the exception of his father, who was Captain in the Royal Irish Fusiliers; S——, a Fijian student at Oxford, black as ink; H——, a Dane, over six feet whom C—— aptly calls, "the blond beast" (*Vide* Zarathustra); von somebody, another Dane, very small and young; B——, a Swiss carpenter, born and bred in the Alps, who sings, when given a half litre of canteen wine, far better than most comic-opera stars and who at times does the *ranze-des-vaches* so that even Petit Père U—— claps; the brigadier M——, a little Russian; two or three Polish Jews, nondescript Belgians, Greeks, Roumanians, etc. I already have enough to write a long (10,000 word) article, and at the end of the campaign can write a book truly interesting. . . .

We live in the Caserne de Reuilly in the barracks of the 46th *regiment de ligne*, a very well-known regiment

who have been in all the wars since 1650, and have their campaigns painted on the wall. Also it is the oldest and most uncomfortable barracks in town. It is about a mile from the Place de la Bastille and in the quartier du Faubourg St. Antoine. We rise at 6.30, drink one cup of coffee, and drill from 7.30 to 9.30, good fast drill with guns at the regulation French "carry arms," a hellish position, most of the time. At 10.30 *la soupe*, and rest until 12.30. Then drill till 3.45, clean arms, more soup at 5, and freedom till 8.30. It is hard on those in soft condition, but easy for the others. . . .

C—— is a really interesting man; Harrow, and then all over the world in most capacities. He never mentions it, but I suspect from certain tricks of the trade that I picked up from R——, whom he knows, that he is no stranger to the British secret service. His acquaintance in Paris is of the amusing type. He has already taken me up to the *Daily Mail* office — where I met some very nice men, among others, S. Ward Pryce, whom I knew slightly in Turkey, and Rourke, whom I knew pretty well in Vera Cruz and Mexico. All these people seem to respect us very much for joining the Legion. C—— is not over respectable, from the New York, New England standpoint, but he is a man and a gentleman, for a' that — Scotch of

course, by descent, although of French upbringing, in spite of an English school.

L——, our Corporal, is also worth knowing — of Belgian descent, although in Paris since six years of age. He is of the type which brought victory to the French Revolution. Wounded at the beginning of the War, he asked to go back to the front; but when requested to stay and drill recruits, he accepted on the condition that he might remain a corporal. He does not approve of authority, and if all men were like him it would not be necessary. Like all Socialists he likes to argue. Last night, after the lights were out, he began to argue with the cotton broker and became very heated. So much so that C—— was afraid of bad blood. The broker had announced himself as a radical anti-clerical. Finally C—— made himself heard, and L——, angrily asked him his party. "French Traditional Royalist," replied C——; and L—— gave up with a good-natured laugh. Extremes met. B—— began, "*Nous sommes tous les frères*," the Legion's song, and all passed over.

March, 1915.

WHEN I wrote to Mother last, bombs were bursting not far away, and two of the bunch had already been slightly hurt, but I was not yet a soldier. Now I am; having just come back from four days in the trenches.

At the moment I am sitting in the sun and writing on the back of a biscuit tin, which came last night to S——. The idleness is explained by the fact that six of us are mounting guard in a little wood outside of the village. I have been washing clothes all the morning, and am now about to cook some macaroni, also the property of S——. The same kind soul has also provided me with some good cigarettes. There is a little hint of warmth in the sun — only random rifle shots and a distant battery, and the quacking of wild ducks breaks the silence.

. . . I have not the time here to try to put you in the full atmosphere of the trenches and their sensations and reactions. You read the papers and know that there is a deal of mud and water and cold, and not overmuch room. S——, C——, and myself are stationed in an *avant petit poste*. Our cabin was 10 by 5 by 4, and, all of us being lazy souls, filled with no ordinary clutter and dirt. All day we slept, ate, cleaned our trenches and rifles, and smoked S——'s tobacco. Then came the magic of the nights. At sundown we began to do sentry, hour on and hour off till daylight. We were about 50 metres from the German trenches, and not allowed to shoot (why I don't know). As the night grows and you stand crouching and watching for any sign of life ahead of you, the very air

seems to come to life. All is still, nobody talks above a whisper, and all lights are out. From trenches, all along the maze of line, shots crack out and stray impersonal bullets whiz by on unknown errands. A huge rocket candle shoots up and hangs for a moment above the earth lighting up a section of the country; big guns boom out, and shells, like witches riding to a feast, whiz by. Sometimes with a whistle and bang a half dozen "75's" swoop over like a covey of devil's quail, and we stand crouching and watching for any sign of human life. It never came. Just the impersonal bang and whistle.

I must do my cooking now and leave a lot unsaid. We go again to the trenches in two days. . . .

May 19, 1915.

I AM writing once again from a new cantonment, this time after six days in the trenches. Thank God, the *repos* of our regiment is over. They woke us up at three one morning. "*Allez hop! Sac au dos et en route.*" We trooped off on a hot, muggy morning, and did thirteen kilometres before the *grande halte* which was held in a small village. Here for the first time it was definitely known that we were bound to relieve a battalion of Tirailleurs Algériens in trenches, some twelve kilometres further on. We ate and lay about on

the grass all the afternoon, and at seven heaved up our sacks once more and went off at the command, "*Pas de route. En avant marche,*" which means a long journey ahead. In the gathering darkness we passed through a couple of villages where the Tirailleurs were drawn up on both sides of the streets. As the stars began to come out we approached a black Pelléas et Mélisande sort of forest with high towering oaks and small young birches, and beech in amongst. We passed through a high gateway of ancient brick, with the top of the coat of arms shot off by a shell. Inside the woods it was so dark we had to go in single file, each holding to the back of the other's pack. Big guns were pounding occasionally in their mysterious way, and the big war rockets at times sent their light flickering through the trees so far over our heads. In time we came out on a brick wall, pierced with loop-holes and shattered by shells. All was dim in the starlight, for there was no moon. There the *boyau* began, two kilometres of it, narrow and deep. Before our backs broke we came to our trenches, and found the Arabs already at the entrance with their sacks beside them. In silence we threw our packs on the cabins allotted. The most of the sections slept, and our squad took the guard. The Arabs went off wishing us good luck, and once more after six weeks I was alone under the stars

— peculiar gun-broken silence, watching my section, leaning on my rifle watching the rockets and thinking long thoughts. . . .

May 30, 1915.

. . . Of the last six days in the lines *rien à signaler*, except two patrols which lacked nothing but the Germans to make them successful. Between the lines is a broad fertile field of beet sugar and clover. It grows high enough to hide a man crawling on his stomach, and in spots even on all fours. It is here that the patrols take place. The first was an attempted ambuscade. Fifteen of us, with an adjutant, a sergeant, and two corporals, went out and hid in a spot where Germans had been seen twice before. None appeared. The next night seven of us were detailed to carry French papers, telling of Italy's declaration of war, into the German lines. We crawled from nine o'clock till 11.30, and succeeded in sticking papers on their barbed wire. They have since then steadily ignored them, much to our disgust.

There is a certain fascination in all this, dull though it may seem. The patrol is selected in the afternoon. At sunset we meet to make the plans and tell each man his duty; then at dark our pockets are filled with cartridges, a drawn bayonet in the belt, and our maga-

zines loaded to the brim. We go along the *boyau* to the *petit poste* from which it is decided to leave. All along the line the sentinels wish us good luck and a safe return. In the *petit poste* we clamp on the bayonets, blow noses, clear throats, and prepare for three hours of utter silence. At a word from the chief we form line in the prearranged order. The sentries wish us luck for the last time, and the chief jumps up on the edge of the trenches and begins to work his way quickly through the barbed wire. Once outside he disappears in the beet weeds, and one after another we follow. Then begins the crawl to the appointed spot. We go slowly with frequent halts. Every sound must by analyzed. On the occasion of the would-be ambush I admit I went to sleep after a while in the warm fresh clover where we lay. It was the adjutant himself who woke me up with a slight hiss, but, as he chose me again next night, he does not seem to have thought it a serious matter. Then too, once home we do not mount guard all the rest of the night and are allowed to sleep in the morning; also there are small but pleasing discussions of the affair and, above all, the hope of some night suddenly leaping out of the darkness, hand to hand with the Germans. . . .

June 4, 1915.

. . . There are obvious drawbacks to being a soldier of second class, but I was always a runner after the picturesque, and in good weather am not one who troubles much where I sleep — or when, and the picturesque is ever with us.

It so happened that the Captain was pleased with our bringing the papers to the Germans, and gave the seven of us twenty francs to prepare a little fête. What an unforgettable supper! There was the Sergeant, Z——, a Greek of classic type who won his spurs at Zanina, and his stripes in the Bulgarian campaign. Since he has been a medical student in Paris — that to please his family, for his heart runs in different channels, and he studies music and draws, in his spare time. From the amount he knows I should judge that " spare " time predominated. We first fell into sympathy over the Acropolis, and cemented a true friendship over Turkish war songs and Byzantine chants, which he sings with a mournful romanticism that I never heard before. Then there was N——, the Company Clarion, serving his twelfth year in the Legion, an incredible little Swiss, tougher than the drums of the fore and aft, and wise as Nestor in the futile ruses of the regiment.

The Corporal, M——, a Legionary wounded during the winter, and cited for bravery in the order of the army — he was a commercial traveler in his native grand Duchy of Luxembourg, but decided some five years ago to leave his debts and troubles behind him and become a " Petit Zephyr de la Légion Étrangère "; S——, a butcher from the same Grand Duchy, a man of iron physically, and morally and mentally unimportant; C——, a Greek of Smyrna who might have spread his silks and laces at the feet of a feudal princess and charmed her with his shining eye and wild gestures, into buying beyond her means: he also has been cited for reckless gallantry. S—— and myself brought up the list. We were all in good spirits and flattered, and I being in funds, put in 10 francs and S—— the same. Some of us drank as deep as Socrates, and we ate a mammoth salad under the stars. N—— and M—— talked of the battalion in the Sahara, and Z—— sang his eastern songs, and even S—— was moved to Tongan chants. Like Aeneas on Polyphemus Isle, I feel that some years hence, well out of tune with all surroundings, I shall be longing for the long warm summer days in northern France when we slept like birds under the stars, among congenial friends, when no man ever thought of the morrow, and you changed horizons with each new conversation. . . .

June 10, 1915.

. . . I wrote E—— how S—— and I fell in for the job of *observateur*. It was decided after the first night that the roof where the post was situated was insufficient. Shortly after finishing my letter to E——, the Captain came along and sent us out to hunt up a better place. We at once seized on the belfry of the ruined church, and found that, though in a terribly delapidated state, it would still bear our weight on the very top. The view from there was excellent. At night-time we mounted for the first time, accompanied by the Russian corporal in charge of us. He turned out to be what we'd call a " married man," meaning one with whom the thoughts of wife and family weigh more than the " lure of danger." The wretched man protested bitterly, but we had already boosted up straw into the room under the belfry, and there was nothing for it but to let us sleep there. Not a shot was fired all night long and the night after we went up in the fortified tower which the artillery had just given up. To the north of us the French have made a successful attack, and to the south there has been terrible rumbling of heavy artillery.

I suppose some day it will have to be our turn. When it does, everything being comparative, I am

more and more sure that I shall be able to give a good account of myself. . . .

August, 1915.

. . . The other day we were waked at 2 A.M. and at 3 sent off in a pouring rain for some indefinite place across the mountains for a divisional review. We went off slowly through the wet darkness, but about dawn the sun came out, and as is usual with the Legion, everybody cheered up, and at 7 A.M. we arrived at the parade ground, after fifteen kilometres, in very good spirits. The two regiments of Zouaves from Africa were already drawn up. We formed up beside them and then came the two Tirailleurs regiments, their colors with them, then the second Étrangère, 2,000 strong, and finally a squadron of Chasseurs d'Afrique. We all stacked arms and lay about on the grass till 8.30. Suddenly the Zouave bugles crashed out, sounding the "*garde à vous*," and in two minutes the division was lined up, every man stiff as a board — and all the time the bugles ringing angrily from up the line, and the short staccato trumpets of the Chasseurs answering from the other extremity.

The ringing stopped suddenly, and the voices of the colonels crying, "*Bayonnettes aux cannons*," sounded thin and long drawn out, and were drowned by the

flashing rattle of the bayonets going on; a moment of perfect silence and then the slow courtly sounding of the "*général, général, qui passe,*" broken by the occasional crash as regiment after regiment presented arms. Slowly the general rode down the lines with the two brigadiers and a division general in his suite. Then came the *Défilé*. The Zouaves led off — their bugles play "*A tu vu la casquette, la casquette.*" Then the Tirailleurs playing some march of their own, slow and fine, the bugles answering the scream of the Arab reed flutes as though Loeffler had led them. Then the Legion, the 2me Étrangère, swinging in beside us at the double, and all the bugles crashed out with the Legion marching song "*Tiens voilâ du boudin pour les Belges, y en a pour les Belges y en a parce que'ils sont des bons soldats — pour les Suisses y en a et les Alsatiens, Lorraines,* etc." — on and on, went the bugles, playing that light slangy tune, some of the verses of which would make Rabelais shudder and the minor variations of which bring up pictures of the Legion marching with thin ranks in foreign, blazing lands, and the drums of which, tapping slowly sound like the feet of the regiment scrunching through desert sand.

It was all very glorious to see and hear, and, to wind up, the Chasseurs went by at the gallop, going off to their quarters. To wind up the day, the Colonel took

us home straight over the mountain — fourteen kilometres over mountain goat tracks. When we got in at 3.30 P.M., having had nothing to eat but a bit of bread, three sardines, and a finger of cheese, few of the men were really exhausted. It was then I got your letter about the training camp. Really it did make me feel a bit superior and make me think less than ever of our military system — and if possible, more of the French. I don't think any other army would have done it on the food ration we did, and even S—— admitted that it was doubtful if many English regiments would have done it under any conditions. . . .

September 23, 1915.

WE are now moving again, and I have hopes that the *repos* is over. To be sure, we are not up to anything very exciting as yet, only trench-digging in a section duller than any as yet seen, but once out of the infernal village, I have hopes that we will not go back there.

As usual we left at 2 A.M., and marched under a full moon through a misty sunrise and on into the early heat of the morning, doing twenty-seven kilometres. There we stopped for the night, and went on at 1 A.M. the next day, the Captain wearing his Moroccan burnous and looming ghostly white at the head of the company. We did thirty-one kilometres, much of it

up and down steep hills, and some of the men got sore feet and fell out. I was so glad to hear the booming of the cannon again that I was more than healthily weary of the sac, and could have done ten or fifteen more in the afternoon after a "*grande halte.*" . . .

The surroundings here are no more sordid than those of the common soldier anywhere, and as long as you are soldiering, I think it as well to do it with people who are soldiers to the very marrow of their bones. As for my "refinement" and fears that I may lose it, my hands are in poor form, rather toughened, and naturally I have picked up a lot of argot, otherwise I have of late been reading Charles Lamb, Pickwick, Plutarch, and a deal of cheap French novels, and "War and Peace," over again. If I see we are to spend winter in the trenches again, am thinking seriously of writing to London for a pair of real waterproof, and practical boots, and some Vicuna underwear. H. G. Wells's "Ann Veronica" I found interesting, though it was trite and irritating at bottom. I wonder if you remember it. I wish from time to time you would send me one novel that you find interesting. Books are too heavy to carry when on the move, naturally either in French or English. The State of the German Mind, Plato or Kant, are not necessary for the moment, and I have read Milton, Shakespeare, and Dante.

FROM A ROYAL FIELD ARTILLERY LIEUTENANT

CHARLES D. MORGAN, '06, has had the double experience of serving with the motor corps of the American Ambulance Hospital and as a lieutenant in the Royal Field Artillery of the British Army on the Western Front. At the beginning of July, 1916, early in the drive on the Somme, he received injuries described officially as "gunshot wound, multiple, slight," and was taken to a military hospital at Rouen, whence he was moved to London. In August he was awarded the Military Cross. The following passages from letters to members of his family afford glimpses of his experiences, both at the front and in the hospital.

November 7, 1915.

. . . I went last night to a *cinema* show in a neighboring town. One entered mysteriously from a muddy dark street, through an *estaminet*, and along a narrow passage. Suddenly one was ushered into a large audi-

torium thronged with fully a thousand soldiers — gray with smoke. A balcony for officers around the walls. We saw Charley Chaplin and the others — the Tommies thoroughly enjoyed it. I find that the music-hall company I heard the other night is entirely made up from men and officers of the Sixth Division. They were really remarkably good — all professionals and semi-professionals in peace-time, I should think.

November 29, 1915.

. . . I am very busy at present, as F——, the senior Sub. in this section, is on leave, and I am on the move every day keeping the old ship " full and by." There are a thousand details of internal management which are petty in themselves, but keep one on the jump. The standard set for the British officer is unquestionably very high. He must always personally supervise every detail of the nourishment and comfort of his animals and men, and never allow his own comfort to come first. This takes a bit of learning, for the civilian mind. It is certainly a good training in self-denial and thoughtfulness for others; and my first impulse, I am sorry to say, is often wrong — the lingering, reflex-action of bachelordom and self-indulgence. . . .

I had a rather busy night on Friday with a fatigue party to dig a telephone-wire trench. There was more

or less stuff coming down — of all kinds, each one with a different noise; while numerous of our own batteries were loosing off unexpectedly from neighboring hedges under our noses. The effect on the nerves, one realizes when one gets back to quiet billets, and feels a sort of let down and "thank-God-that's-over" feeling. However, the danger in this sort of party is comparatively small. It is surprising how many shells it takes to kill or even wound one man. . . .

January 3, 1916.

We had expected to go out of action today, but now find that we are to be kept in a week longer. It is hard on the men who have had a pretty bad doing in this position since October. However, our casualties have been very slight.

I find my nerves very much better than those of the men who have been out here longer — it gives me confidence, and makes me feel that I can be of good to the battery.

The routine here is pretty strenuous in one way, and slack in another. As we are short-handed, and have night turns at the trenches, at the guns, and at the observation post as well, it means most nights without much sleep, fully dressed. That is the worst side of it. On the other hand, there is almost nothing to do

throughout the day, even when on duty at the O. P. [Observation Post] or trenches, and the time of actual fire is small. One cannot venture out for a walk, or even walk about the gun position more than is actually necessary, for fear of detection; so that there is a good deal of time for reading and letter-writing. The lack of exercise is the chief draw-back to such days.

My turn in the trenches was most interesting. One lives with the infantry officers, and takes part in their regular trench life, so that one feels very much a part of it. Those of the battalion who were in the other day — one of the Lincolns — were first-rate chaps. They are the cheeriest people in the whole show — in fact, the nearer you get to the line, the better spirits you find, from Boulogne eastward. They all live in dug outs, of course, and have a rather more spacious one for the men. Our dinner on New Year's Eve was quite a feast, followed by bridge, and topped off by a bit of a "*Strafe*" on the part of the "Huns", to which our heavy guns replied. Today I am on duty in the O. P., and we have been doing what is called registering our zone for the benefit of an officer of the incoming battery — that is to say, we fire at longer intervals over our allotted target, and carefully watch the burst of the shells through our glasses. Of course, this zone has

by this time been so carefully registered that there is practically no correction to make. . . .

April 12, 1916.

. . . I am still in the trenches on my twelfth day — a bit long for one's first tour, but I have had excellent weather — today the first rain — and comparative quiet 'shellatively' speaking. The machine-gun fire at night is very obstreperous, but I stick close to my smoking hearth, and listen to them patter outside. My dug out is really a very strong one, but has the chill of death unless the stove is going. As we get practically no fuel, and the little that comes is non-igniting coke, I have domestic cares. . . .

I have moments of loneliness up here; but I have only to pick up my telephone to listen to a concert which one of the telephonists in an adjoining station gives on his mouth organ for the benefit of all the other stations on his circuit. After each number, there is a frantic buzzing of Morse code, "splendid," "encore," etc., from the auditors.

When the concert is not in progress, one can listen to priceless dialogues between the telephonist here and his mate back in the subsidiary line who will later bring up the rations. What these rations will consist of is topic A—matter for a good half hour's conversa-

tion; topic B is their next leave, and what they will do thereon. . . .

There are many compensations for the discomforts and hazards of this job. (1) You are largely your own boss. (2) You get (when the relief is properly organized) six days out of twelve absolute rest, well back in comparative comfort. (3) You are "strafing the Hun." (4) If you are looking for ribbons, there are lots of decorations knocking about.

You have greatly exaggerated ideas of the dangers of the gun itself. It is largely a matter of care and proper preparation. In a well-made position, the detachment are all well under cover when the gun is fired. Besides which, the officer is usually some distance away observing the fire on the front parapet. Retaliation from the Hun is the chief danger, but he finds it very difficult to absolutely mark down a position. If he comes near, the position is shifted. . . .

July 1, 1916.

I HAVE come through a very trying and critical period. We have been on the go for about eleven days; and I believe my battery (little 174) has done itself proud, and performed satisfactorily the task allotted to it. I have never had so much responsibility, or slept so little for days on end; but somehow I seem to have

come through extraordinarily well — just a healthy tired feeling. I hope to see my way clear to put in for leave very soon. It must, of course, depend on military events. I am beginning to feel rather hopeful about the course of things in general — it is something to have seen the "Hun" on the run, and to view trenches once held by him, running over with British troops. I have seen many extraordinary and never-to-be-forgotten things — it seems very often that life cannot possibly hold more, but new marvels befall the next moment. My men have been a source of inspiration to me. One couldn't do anything but one's best, amongst such a splendid lot; and in humor and repartee they are a constant delight. I am sorry to say I have lost several — some of the finest lads I had — and in a rather horrible way. You will know all about it some day. I have never found any of them wanting at a pinch, and feel really proud to be in command of them. . . .

HOSPITAL NO. 8, ROUEN

YOU mustn't worry at all about me — it is in no way serious. I am what might be called "peppered," a number of small shrapnel wounds all over my body. No vital spot was hit. I narrowly missed losing an eye, by about a quarter of an inch, and my note-books stopped another one from going into my chest.

I am *en passage* at No. 8 General Hospital at Rouen, and shall probably be sent to Blighty today. I should be quite fit again in a fortnight, I should think, and then I shall need quite another fortnight for the dentist — two lower teeth knocked out by one hit in the mouth. I was lucky in being right in the thick of the big push. It was a most tremendous experience, much of which I try not to let my mind dwell on. My men did well, and when their regular task was finished, volunteered to help bring in the wounded.

I shall have at all events a much-needed rest, but strangely enough, I kept very fit to the last. . . .

July 13, 1916.

. . . I was lucky enough to be in the "Big Push" on the Somme. It was a wonderful experience, but one which I shouldn't care to go through very often; and from which I am quite content to rest awhile in a comfortable bed with a few "cushy" wounds (you have read the Junior Sub., so you know what that means).

Lord and Lady Aberconway have turned over this big house as an officers' ward. They continue to live here, and are most solicitous of their guests' comfort, and every evening make the rounds of the beds. . . .

I shall soon be up, depending somewhat on whether or not they deem it necessary to operate on my leg.

I am full of small splinters, most of which work out of their own accord. Every morning now I can pluck a "fragment from France" from an arm or a leg. I got one through the lip, which knocked out a couple of teeth, but fortunately left my tongue whole, to wag on as heartily as ever.

The invalids' régime here would turn our American dietitians quite green with dyspeptic horror. We have an enormous English breakfast: porridge, fish, bacon, and mushrooms — or some such horror; coffee, and rolls and jam. Lunch! A hearty English lunch of very high specific gravity, and aggravated at the end by quantities of sweets, and fruits, and cheeses. A five-course dinner — wine with all meals. But although rigorously English in design, the cooking is so super-excellent that I suspect the chef of having a little Latin blood in his veins. . . .

It took me five days to get here, including twenty-four hours in the Casualty Clearing Station, where I was shoved into a lonely tent on a stretcher and forgotten — my only companion a poor Tommy, hit in the throat, who was raving continuously. Fortunately, I had brought my servant, and he purloined cups of tea and crusts of bread; and finally brought my case to the notice of the C. O. Although the tent was full of nice white beds, all empty, I was kept on the

beastly stretcher on the purely academic theory that I was taking the next train. Finally, after three trains had gone without me, they compromised so far as to lift the stretcher on top of the bed. However, one must make every allowance in a time of great stress like this when there are thousands of wounded pouring in every day. . . .

July 14, 1916.

. . . I shall never regret going into this show. The inspiration of the men under one is enough in itself to make it worth while. They are really splendid — far ahead of their officers, I fear, in relative efficiency. And so far as it is possible in this selfish world, we all feel we are fighting more or less for an ideal. It stirs inarticulately even in the breast of the Tommy, I think. . . .

THE MILITARY HOSPITAL UNITS

THE work of the successive Hospital Units despatched from the Harvard Medical School for service at a British military hospital in France has been touched upon in the Preface. The names of the men who have served in the so-called First, Second, and Third Units will be found in the list at the end of this volume; the general nature of the work they have done is described in an article written for the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin* by Dr. David Cheever, '97 (M.D. '01), Chief Surgeon of the Second Contingent of this service. It may be taken as fairly representative of the work of all the Units. The special service of the Dental men has won a peculiar distinction for Harvard. Its character is clearly suggested in an article contributed by Frank H. Cushman, D.M.D. '15, to the *Bulletin*. A brief passage from a letter to the *Bulletin* by Dr. William Reid Morrison, '10, on " Baseball and Surgery in France," presents a pleasant bit of relief in the record of exacting labors.

THE HARVARD UNIT IN FRANCE[1]

By David Cheever, '97, M.D. '01 (*Chief Surgeon, Second Contingent*)

The second contingent of the Harvard Surgical Unit has now been for three months in the field in the service of the British War Office, and the few of its members who were able to give only three months' service having just returned, it is possible to give the readers of the *Bulletin* a little idea of how the enterprise has fared.

It will be remembered that the original Unit under the leadership of Dr. Edward H. Nichols, '86, who was later succeeded by Dr. W. E. Faulkner '87, conducted a British Base Hospital in France for the three months of July, August, and September of last year. It had been the plan to have the work carried on from that time by Units from other medical centres, but owing to certain unforeseen circumstances and an unavoidable change in the conditions of service, this succession had to be abandoned. It became a matter of giving up the project entirely, or of its continuation by Harvard alone. It was decided to adopt the latter course, and after some correspondence with the British War Office as to the conditions governing the advent of a

[1] From *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*, April 5, 1916.

new Unit, the enlisting of another group of men, and their leadership, were committed to the writer.

A group of thirty men, about one-half holders of degrees from Harvard and the others volunteers from other medical schools, were enlisted, and also thirty-six nurses, to take the place of an equal number of the first contingent, who wished to terminate their stay abroad. These men included specialists in surgery, medicine, and X-ray work, dentists, an opthalmologist, an aurist, an orthopedist, and a bacteriologist. The party sailed on the Steamship "Noordam" on November 17th, and reached England without mishap on November 27th.

The Unit was organized exactly like a Base Hospital in the British regular service, that is, the chief surgeon ranked as a lieutenant-colonel, and the other men received ranks as majors, captains, and lieutenants, according to the duties which they were to perform. A regular commission was not given, because, naturally, the men did not give up their American citizenship, which would have been necessary in order to receive commission under the Crown; but relative rank was given in accordance with the plan pursued in such cases by the War Office.

A stay of ten days was made in London, in order to enable the men to procure their uniforms, which in

every respect corresponded to the British regular officer's uniform, except in the absence of certain insignia indicating a commission under the Crown.

Advantage was taken of this time to visit the London hospitals, other places of civil and military interest; and one day was devoted to a visit to Oxford where Sir William Osler, in the uniform of a colonel of His Majesty's Forces, devoted the entire day to guiding the visitors about Oxford, entertaining them at Christ Church, and later at tea with Mrs. Osler. The characteristic ending of the day was a most enjoyable and informal talk by Sir William on the most notable books marking epochs in the history of medicine, copies of all of which were found in his library. Later, also, the Unit was most hospitably entertained at luncheon by the Harvard Club of London, presided over by J. H. Seaverns, '81.

The Unit crossed the Channel on December 9 to find that the exigencies of the military situation had made it necessary to move the 22nd General Hospital from its summer quarters to winter quarters in two large empty hotels, not far distant from Boulogne. This change involved the reduction in the number of beds available, and as the Unit was therefore somewhat over-manned, certain of the officers, at the request of the War Department, were detailed for ser-

vice in other hospitals. Officers thus detached found great pleasure and profit in the intimate association with the work of the purely British Units, and there was no complaint because they had been separated from the Harvard Unit.

A few days of organization and preparation were necessary in the new quarters, and the first convoy of sick and wounded from the front was received on December 15, and from that date forward new convoys were received, at irregular intervals, but usually as frequently as three times a week, until a total of some one thousand four hundred patients had passed through the hospital during the first three months. Throughout this period, as the readers of the *Bulletin* know, there was comparative quiet on the Western Front, that is, there were no actions of any magnitude, and for that reason, the resources of the hospital were never strained. It was noticeable, however, that the authorities always gave the hospital fully, if not more than, its share of the wounded, and thus kept it busily occupied.

It would be out of place here to discuss the professional aspects of the work. As would naturally be expected in the winter season, probably one-half the cases were sick rather than wounded, these cases consisting chiefly of bronchitis, pneumonia, rheumatism,

digestive disturbances, febrile diseases, usually of the para-typhoid type, and various complaints associated with the peculiar conditions of life in the trenches, and rightly or wrongly attributed to them; designated somewhat vaguely as " trench feet," " trench fever," " trench nephritis," and the like. The wounds were almost entirely due to high explosive shell fire, machine-gun and rifle fire, and bombs, the proportion of injuries by shrapnel being comparatively low, owing to the fact that there is a great preponderance in the use of high explosive shells over shrapnel. There were practically no bayonet or other wounds sustained in personal encounters, owing to the fact, as stated above, that no great action took place.

One of the interesting but sad experiences was the arrival in one of the earlier convoys of a large number of " gassed " patients, that is, soldiers suffering from an attack by asphyxiating gases launched by the Germans in the neighborhood of Ypres. Naturally, with them as with the wounded, the most serious cases died either in the field hospitals or at Casualty Clearing Stations before it was possible to transport them to a Base. Consequently, cases arriving at the 22nd Hospital were of a comparatively less severe type. They presented a distressing picture of acute bronchitis, with incessant cough, difficulty of breathing, and lividity.

Five of these cases died at the hospital in spite of everything that could be done to save them, and the remainder made slow recoveries, although, even after they were ready for discharge to England, they were far from completely recovered. With the exception of a few similar cases, arriving at a much later date, this was the only group of " gassed " men with whom the Unit had to deal. And, owing to the efficiency of the anti-tetanic and anti-typhoid inoculations, no cases of tetanus, and no undoubted cases of typhoid fever came under the observation of the Unit. A good many cases of para-typhoid, closely allied to true typhoid, were found, and had to be transferred to a special hospital for contagious diseases. There was no death from an anaesthetic, and the total mortality of the cases under the charge of the Harvard Contingent was considerably less than one per cent.

From the purely professional side, it may be said that the medical officers gained much experience in the best and most expeditious and practical methods of handling the wounds common to modern types of warfare, and especially the complications caused by severe infections, and by extensive injuries to bone. They also gained much insight into the practical details of the organization and administration of a hospital of this type. The dental surgeons found a

large field of usefulness in caring for the badly neglected teeth of the average enlisted man, and those who were so fortunate as to be detailed to work with Dr. Kazanjian of the Harvard Dental School, at his clinic attached to a neighboring hospital, were able to bring him material aid in the splendid work which he and his assistants are doing in the repair of destructive injuries of the jaws.

On the human side, it is certain that every member of the Unit had an experience which he will remember for the rest of his life. Although he was but on the fringe of the great conflict and not even within sound of its guns, the realities of the war were brought home very strongly.

One of the most satisfying and pleasant features of the experience was the sincere appreciation which was manifested in every way by the British officers, whether English, Canadian, or Australian, with whom the members of the Unit came in contact. The Briton is not given to complaining and asking for help, but when help is proffered by citizens of a friendly nation, no one could be more frank and expressive than the Briton in showing his appreciation of it. Let it not be thought that the Harvard Unit served in other than a neutral capacity, bringing aid to the wounded and suffering irrespective, of nationality, as opportunities

came their way. It was natural, however, that racial affiliations and personal feelings of most of the members caused them to feel and express the warmest sympathy with the British cause and the soldiers fighting for it, and they were made to feel, at every opportunity, the gratitude and appreciation of those they were aiding.

On the departure of the Unit from the winter quarters, above described, to summer quarters elsewhere, the medical consultants of the Boulogne Base, Colonel Sir Almoth Wright, Colonel Sir Bertrand Dawson, Colonel Lister, and Colonel Fullerton, together with all the principal officers of the Base as guests, gave them a complimentary dinner, at which sentiments were expressed which made the members of the Unit feel that their services were given a higher value than they deserved professionally, and that their motives in bringing aid were well understood and thoroughly appreciated. It was perhaps the most satisfying aspect of the experience of the Unit that they could justly feel that they constituted a small but effective centre, diffusing the true feeling of sympathy and understanding which exists between most Americans and most Englishmen. This could not be better exemplified than by the cordial relations existing between the members of the Unit and the Administrator of the Unit, Colonel Sir Allan Perry.

The Unit, as stated above, is now under canvas and occupies nearly the same location that it did last summer, and the writer has been succeeded as Chief Surgeon for the three months ending June 9 by Dr. W. E. Faulkner, '87, who most unselfishly volunteered to return, in spite of the many personal considerations which must have impelled him to remain at home.

The British War Office informed the writer that the work of the Unit is a real help, that its services are needed and that the authorities hope that these services can be continued indefinitely. It is planned, therefore, to despatch a new contingent[1] to begin service June 9, succeeding the present one, whose term will then expire.

HARVARD DENTAL SCHOOL GRADUATES IN FRANCE[2]

By Frank H. Cushman, D.M.D. '15

When in June 1915, the First Harvard Surgical Unit, for work in the war zone, was being organized, the part that dental surgeons might play in the work of war hospitals was just beginning to be realized. Extensive

[1] This contingent was duly despatched, with Dr. Hugh Cabot, '94, as chief surgeon. In September the next contingent, with Dr. Daniel F. Jones, '92, as chief surgeon took up the work.

[2] From *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*, May 17, 1916.

work in the treatment of mutilated mouths, and in the preparation of the soldiers' mouths for the unfavorable conditions of life at the front, had already been under way for some time in the German army. Among the French, too, it had been recognized, and, in addition to the French dental surgeons, several American dentists, among them, Dr. Stuhl, D.M.D. '05, and Dr. Potter, of our own administrative board, had been doing admirable work at the American Ambulance at Neuilly.

Just what might be the conditions in the British army, with which the Unit was to work, was not at the time known here, but arrangements were made for taking three Harvard Dental men, with all necessary equipment, since modern trench warfare had been productive of so many head-wounds, which, if not fatal, generally involved the jaws.

No account of this work can be given without special mention of Dr. Kazanjian, Senior Demonstrator of Prosthetics at the Harvard Dental School, and in charge of all fracture cases there. Surely no better selection could have been made for the position as leader and organizer of the work than he. Dr. Ferdinand Brigham and I were fortunate enough to be detailed as his assistants.

Upon the arrival of the Unit in France, dental conditions were found to be much worse than expected.

Whereas it was reported that with the original German army invading Belgium as far back as August, 1914, there were five hundred dentists, there were among all the British troops in June of last year, but fifteen! Even allowing that these reports were somewhat exaggerated, the scarcity of men, combined with the terrible condition of the mouths of the "Tommies," was nothing short of appalling. Preparations for the furnishing of dental supplies were also very incomplete, and this, combined with the lack of facilities such as electricity, gas, and water, made the work even more difficult.

Work was begun, however, with such facilities as were at hand or could be devised. Until it became known throughout the district that fractures of the jaws were being treated by the Harvard Unit, much of the work was concerned with the extraction of teeth and the making of artificial dentures. The original bad condition of the men's mouths, combined with the lack of opportunity at the front for proper cleansing and the unhealthful water which the troops are obliged to drink, made it necessary, during the summer, to send increasing numbers back to the base for dental treatment alone. The use of novocaine in all cases of extraction is new to army methods and to the men, and does much to expedite and facilitate the work. Septic

roots in the mouth were early recognized by the medical men as a causative or contributing factor in many cases of arthritis, gastritis, and ear and nose affections, and the cleaning up of mouths came to be regarded in the hospital as part of the routine treatment. Appalling as it seems in the light of dental education in America, a British army order provides that no man with two teeth, one on either jaw, which occlude, shall be furnished by the government with dentures. This means, of course, that only those in most desperate need of artificial teeth are provided with them, but even with this limitation, two laboratory men are kept constantly busy on this sort of work.

The most important phase of the work of the dental men in the Unit was, of course, the treatment of the cases of fracture of the jaw, and before the work was long under way, many cases of this sort were being brought in from the front, and from other hospitals. The injuries are often very extensive, involving, in addition to the jaws, other parts of the face and cranium. External wounds necessitate an entire change of procedure from the methods used in jaw fractures in civil hospitals. Owing to the drainage of saliva through these wounds, the sepsis is wide-spread and persistent. Too much credit cannot be given to Dr. Kazanjian for the masterly way in which these

cases are being handled. Each new case requires the devising of especial appliances to fit its particular needs; but this Harvard man is always found equal to every occasion. The hearty co-operation received from surgeons and medical men is proving most helpful in the successful carrying on of the work.

That the value of the work is not going unrecognized is proved by the mention of Dr. Kazanjian in the despatches of January 1 for distinguished service. At the beginning of October, when the Unit was disbanded, it was urged from the War Office that the work be not discontinued, and that Dr. Kazanjian and his two assistants remain, with the promise of the increased facilities of a building equipped especially for jaw surgery. Permission was also granted to keep the patients longer than the three weeks allowed other cases.

The consideration given the patients themselves does much to popularize the work among them. Of all the fracture cases treated during the summer and winter, only one man expressed a desire to be sent to England before the completion of his work, and a letter was received from him shortly after his return home, asking that steps be taken to secure his transfer back again.

The cheerfulness and courage of the men themselves should not go unrecognized. Such pluck as that of a nineteen-year-old Irish boy with eye and nose gone,

both jaws broken and two bullets through one arm, who always felt, "In the pink, thank you, sir!" or the Scotch lad with both jaws fractured, and a bullet through his chest with a consequent very severe pneumonia, whose invariable answer to inquiries was, "Champion, thank you, sir!", did much to make the work easier.

When it became known in September that the Unit was returning to America the following month, the parents of one of the patients even tried to arrange for the discharge of their son from the army, so that he might return to Boston to continue his treatment with Dr. Kazanjian.

The arrival of the second Harvard Unit added three more Harvard Dental men to the work: Drs. R. S. Catheron, C. F. MacDonald, and J. F. Dillon. Drs. Dillon and MacDonald are with the Harvard Unit, while the other three men are occupying the splendidly-equipped building in the English Hospital to which, on account of the increased facilities, the jaw work was transferred in December when the Harvard Unit was moved into cramped winter quarters. The equipment of the building is all that could be desired, electricity, running hot and cold water, and all the facilities procurable for carrying on the work in any temporary hospital. The dental staff comprises, besides the three Harvard men, two mechanics, two

operating-room nurses, and nurses and orderlies for the two wards of about forty beds.

Altogether, between July 20 and December 1, over one thousand two hundred cases of all kinds received treatment, varying from a single visit to work covering daily attendance for several months. Careful records, including charts, pictures, plaster models and casts of the teeth and faces are being kept, and will be added to the Dental Museum of Harvard. The work is drawing extensive interest from men in the medical service, many visitors coming to the hospital, and Dr. Kazanjian is called on for numerous clinics before the field medical societies. The work is pursued in the name of the "Dental Unit of Harvard University," and the coming summer should see its extent and scope much broadened.

Such results as these could not have been attained but for the energy and devotion of Dr. Kazanjian and the hearty coöperation of medical men and those in higher authority in the medical service. There is much need for this sort of work, and the supply of men who can do it is limited. It is therefore to be hoped that, although the school is losing the active help of Dr. Kazanjian, he can be kept where he is, doing perhaps a higher service and bringing to the school much credit.

SURGERY AND BASEBALL IN FRANCE [1]

By William Reid Morrison, '10

22d General Hospital,
British Expeditionary Force, France,
May 28, 1916

. . . During March and April, much snow and rainy weather were encountered, but we managed to keep reasonably warm in our tents. This month, the weather has been excellent, allowing our baseball team to round into shape.

We are very proud of our Harvard Unit players, organized among the medical officers in this hospital. The opening game of the season was played last week, with a team from Canadian Number One Hospital, and it attracted a large crowd of medical officers, sisters, and patients from surrounding hospitals.

Many of the spectators had never seen a baseball game, and it was indeed a novel experience for them.

The Harvard nine started off with a rush, scoring 8 runs in the first inning, and knocking the Canadian pitcher out of the box. We won handily by a final score of 16 to 8.

A return game was played on the Canadian field a few days ago, and we were vanquished by a score of 8

[1] From *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*, June 21, 1916.

to 5. In this game, our surgeon-in-chief, Dr. Faulkner, put aside his lieutenant-colonel's uniform, and proved to be a heavy hitter, and good base runner, as well as an able second baseman, and much credit is due him for the team's good performance. We play a third game next week, and hope to win again. . . .

The surgeons and medical men have had a valuable service, with many interesting experiences, and we, as well as the nursing sisters, have been very glad to do what we could for the sick and wounded.

THE DAY'S WORK IN AN AMBULANCE CORPS

AGAIN it is time to remind ourselves that there is another American Ambulance Corps besides that of the American Ambulance Hospital in Paris, namely the American Volunteer Motor-Ambulance Corps, formed and directed by Richard Norton, '92. Passages from two of his letters have already been given. Two others must now be brought forward, the first to Mr. H. D. Morrison, the Honorable Secretary and Treasurer of the Corps in London — a letter in which the general character of the service is memorably described — the second to Mr. Norton's brother, Eliot Norton, '85, describing a day at Verdun no more remote than mid-June of 1916.

FRANCE, February 15, 1916.

DEAR MORRISON: The letters which have been received from American applicants to join our Corps since the British Red Cross refused to allow Englishmen of military age and qualification to work with us have been very numerous, and I have found them, as

a mass, so interesting that I have sent most of them to the office to be filed. It is evident, however, that there are many misconceptions in the minds of our compatriots regarding our work, and it is in the hope that you may be able to clear up some of these that I now write you.

. . . It is not surprising that we receive letters from quantities of persons who are firmly convinced that their mere desire to help in our work is all that is needed to make them of use to us. Of course, and this is natural enough—in fact, could hardly be otherwise — their ideas of the work of an ambulance corps are based on accounts of battles, as this is about all the newspapers put before them. The fact is, however, that what nowadays are considered battles occur only at long intervals, and most of the time the ambulances are performing an essential, but by no means thrilling, service among the field hospitals and along the line where, although the fighting never ceases, things are generally comparatively tranquil. Especially is this so in the winter months, during which both last year and this there has been no attempt at a great offensive, by either side, on the Western front. It isn't that the armies couldn't fight if they wanted to; the Russians show us well enough that they could. But for one reason and another, probably because the English

have not been ready, they don't. So our work goes along quietly for the most part, and there is many a day when the men don't have enough to do to keep them from thinking of their discomforts. These are really nothing very bad, but still a volunteer from another land, one who is not fighting for his own people, has to have a strong sense of the ultimate value of the work he has chosen to do to enable him to forget them. That, I find, is the most serious trouble with any of the men who have been with me. When, as last September, there is heavy fighting, they are as keen as possible and take all the various risks and troubles in the most pleasant spirit. But when, as sometimes happens, the Corps is *en repos* they get restless and don't know what to do with themselves. For this reason, among others, I don't want you to send out volunteers who are too young. It is not that they lack courage, but that is a quality we are not often called upon to show. What this work chiefly demands is resource. Our men are not like the soldiers constantly under the eye of an officer, but are generally dependent on their own intelligence for the conduct of their work. Such driving as we do was never conceived of by motorists before this war. Borghesi's ride from Pekin to Paris was a summer day's excursion through a park compared to our job. Driving a car laden with

men whose lives depend on reaching the hospital as soon as possible is a considerable responsibility. When, in addition, they have to be carried along roads, or more likely mere trails, that are being shelled or maybe swept with rifle fire, often at night, with no light, and through the unending crowd of moving troops, guns, ammunition and revictualling trains, the responsibility is considerably increased. A man must keep absolutely cool and his temper unruffled, and he must be able to size things up so as to do the best he can for his load of fading lives. Experience of life is what is needed to do this successfully, and that is just what a youth has not got. Of course, there are the rare exceptions, and we are lucky in having some of these, where imagination and instinct take the place of experience. But you cannot count on a youth having these, and I have no time to test them, one by one, to see if they will take the bit; so don't send me boys unless you are dead certain of their quality.

There are really three sorts of work we have to do. One is the risky and very hard work during a battle, such as my account of the Battle of Champagne gave you some idea of. The men who can do that successfully will, when they get home after the war, be able to do anything from running a railway to managing an Art Museum.

Then there is what might be called our regular job, the post duty, the daily going and coming from certain stations just back of the line to the hospitals with the occasional casualties. During the winter months one carries more sick and sorry than one does wounded, but there is a never-ending trickle of these latter. For the last few months, as you know, we have been working along the Tahure to Mesnil front. There has been a very slight ebb and flow of the line, but on the whole it is a little more advanced than it was when the French got through pounding the Germans last September. They certainly did give it to them then, and it is an open secret that had the English attack been so well conducted as the French, the line would be further forward than it is now. However, when it was over we sat down for the winter, and posts were arranged to which the wounded are brought. Just who picks out these posts I have never discovered, but the general rule is that they should be as near the actual fighting line as the condition of the roads and general safety permit the cars to go. We have served two such posts. One was all right, though, owing to the mud which prevented the close approach of our cars, the stretcher bearers had a weary long walk with their painful burden. The other, however, was to my mind most quaintly placed, as it was on the crest of a ridge and in

plain view of the enemy. Though the doctors' tents and dug outs were sheltered by a cluster of pines, the coming and going of the cars were perfectly obvious and daily drew the fire of one of the enemy batteries. Some of the gunners were excellent shots, too, and although they never scored a bull's-eye, they made several "ringers" which spattered us with mud. Their favorite projectile was what is known as a "whiz-bang," a confounded thing that goes off with a peculiarly disagreeable crash at the same instant that you hear it. Now a respectably educated shell whistles as it comes, and gives you time, if you have wisely adopted the habits of the wood-chuck and don't go far from your hole, to make an Annette Kellerman dive. Maybe the tune it whistles is the "Last Rose of Summer," but still you are at least on the way underground when it hits, and, such is the strange working of our minds, that gives one a great feeling of comfort. But these whiz-bangs were brought up on *Kultur* and come in without knocking. I hate them — in fact, I hate them all — I have collected many things in my life, but I was never born to be a conchologist. Some men tell me they get used to such things. I can only say I feel no symptoms of acquiring the taste. Well, so long as the doctors could stand this post on the hill, we had to. At both posts the men did duty for twenty-

four hours at a stretch, and had tents pitched under the trees in which they cooked their picnic meals and took what rest they could. Most of the time it rained, and it was always cold. To my way of thinking a tent is a beastly thing. A considerable portion of my life has been passed in them, and no one can convince me they are anything but disgusting. I love to read about them in the summer magazines, when the wily Redskin is pursuing the heroic trapper, or the beauteous millionairess heroine has fled from the seething city to soothe a broken heart, catching trout and a cold in the head by the pellucid lake — all that sounds lovely, but were I ever to play Redskin to the heroine I'd never be so mean as to ask her to pass the honeymoon in a tent. They are cramped in space; they leak; the wind loosens the ropes at night; they flap, they are damp in winter and hot in summer; they are harbor lights for everything that creeps or crawls within thirty miles; the oil stove explodes in them, and you spoil most of your bedding putting it out; and when anybody, whether an Arab or a Boche is trying to *straf* you, they are about as much comfort as an ice-cream soda to a polar bear. However, they are better than sitting in the mud, so at the posts we sit and get damp till the relief comes, and then hustle back to the base camp, where there are no satisfactory means of getting dry, but

where you mop yourself up and steam over any form of fire you or your friends can produce. You see, there is not much in that kind of life but plain, hard, uncomfortable work. So anyone who thinks he is coming out here to wander over the stricken field doing the Sir Philip Sidney act to friend and foe alike, protected from harm by the mystical light of heroism playing about his hyacinthine locks, had better stay home. This hero business will only win him the Order of the Wooden Cross. What one really does is to look like a tramp who has passed the night in a ditch and feels as though he were doing ten days " hard " for it. That is what the ordinary work is.

Then there is the third kind, which is when we are, as now, *en repos*. No corps can go on indefinitely at the front. The men get worn out and the cars get out of order. During the early part of this winter our cars stood in the open where the mud was so bad that we often had to pull them out in the morning with the lorry before we could start. There was so little water that sometimes there was insufficient for the radiators. Under such circumstances cleaning the cars was entirely out of the question, and any but absolutely essential repairs had to wait till we could move somewhere else. When, finally, we were relieved by a French convoy, only one-third of our cars could

go, and several of the men were working on their nerve.

We were sent a few miles back to the large farm where we now are. Here there is a splendid big barn with lean-to sheds round about, in which most of our cars are housed. There is plenty of water, as there is a large stream just beside the house, and the cars have been washed, springs mended, the engines cleaned, and everything possible done to enable us to work many months more before there will be need of another overhaul. For this sort of work you will easily understand that we must have men who know something about motors and who are ready to work on them themselves. A man who is unwilling or unable to help in the care of his car would be nothing but a nuisance to us. For a man who knows how to work there is always plenty to do, but the life of so-called *repos* here at the farm is decidedly monotonous. We never see outsiders, and we do not often get out of sight of the farm buildings. Châlons is not many miles away, but we only send there when we hear that one of our cars which had to be repaired at the army shops is ready for us, or when there is something to buy for the upkeep of the cars, or when a new volunteer comes to join us. Of course, the Government will give us anything we need for the upkeep of the cars, but one is allowed to apply only on

certain given days of each month for certain things, while others are applied for on other days. This often means a delay of many days before one can begin to repair the car, because not only must the proper day of application be waited for, but several days elapse between the application and the arrival of the material. Consequently it is often best to send to Châlons and buy what is needed. We would send there oftener could we have more petrol, but while *en repos* we are allowed only twenty-five litres a day! As we have twenty-five cars, which have to be cleaned and tested in addition to routine work, every motorist will realise that we are much like interned prisoners. If this lack of essence merely meant our incapacity to get the mail or enjoy an occasional bath no one would mind, but its chief effect is to delay our work. . . . We have never yet been unable to do whatever work was asked of us, but this is because we have gone ahead on our own plan and bought from time to time many hundreds of litres of essence when we foresaw that we would be held up for lack of it. This is all dull to write, and dull for you to read, but perhaps it will make you realise that it is aggravating for the men to have to live through it, and you will understand why a mere general readiness to do anything is not the only or the most important characteristic that volunteers must possess.

The foregoing will also make clear to you why we need neither doctors nor nurses. Our work is the transport of the wounded, and we provide no opportunities for either doctors or nurses to practise their ministrations. What we need are, first and foremost, good motorists, and it is practically essential that they should know some French. Many of the writers whose letters I have sent you express a delightful confidence that they can learn enough of the vernacular on their voyage out to render their service effective. It is a shame to dash cold water on such pleasing beliefs, but the fact is they are hopelessly wrong. They are like the man who, when asked if he played the violin, replied, "I don't know; I have never tried." Still, the general spirit of the letters is fine. It is certain that we can get all the men we need if we can get others to give us money to bring them over, and I haven't a doubt there are plenty of people who cannot come themselves but who will be glad to send out someone else. . . .

Always sincerely yours,

RICHARD NORTON.

RICHARD NORTON TO ELIOT NORTON

VERDUN, June 15, 1916.[1]

IT is some time since I wrote, but we first were moving up here, and since arriving have had strenuous times. We are camped some five miles outside Verdun, where we have our permanent post; another is at a hospital between us and Verdun; while every night, as soon as it is dark, we send out eight cars to evacuate the advanced posts. This is extremely risky work and can only be done at night, owing to the road being in view of the Germans, who are not a kilometre distant. At night I have my office, as it were, at Verdun, where L'hoste has his main post. Thence, as there is need, he and I go up and down the line of posts to keep the work moving.

The advanced posts can be reached only at night, so, as there are only four hours of darkness, we are extremely busy. Two days ago we were ordered to evacuate one of these posts by day — a thing heretofore unheard of. Of course, I obeyed and sent the five cars demanded, following them up a short time afterward. I arrived at the starting point to find the first car had been steadily shelled as it went along the road, that the second, containing Jack Wendell and a

[1] Reprinted from *Springfield Daily Republican*, July 8, 1916.

chauffeur named Hollinshed, had not returned from the trip, and that another car had gone to see what the trouble was.

I started at once to go after the missing cars, but at that moment Hoskier, who had gone after Wendell, came hurrying round the corner. He told me that both Wendell and Hollinshed had been wounded, but not seriously, as they were putting some wounded in their car; that they were being cared for at the *poste*; that they begged me not to come up till dark; that the authorities at the *poste* begged us to keep away for fear the *poste* would be shelled, and, lastly, he said it was obvious the Boches were laying for us, for they were shelling our road steadily.

This was obviously the right thing to do, but Lawrence MacCreery at once asked to be allowed to go by the *boyau* with his chauffeur; they would reach the *poste* as dark fell and would bring Wendell and Hollinshed out on their car if that had not been destroyed. This they very pluckily did. I, meanwhile, had to report to the authorities, and got back just as Wendell and Hollinshed had been fixed up by the doctors. Wendell has a slight wound in the back, Hollinshed a rather more severe one in the shoulder. They behaved in a way to give cause to their families to be extremely proud of them, absolutely refusing to return

with Hoskier, but insisting on his taking the four bad cases they had gone to get. They will both be given the Croix de Guerre, and they well deserve it.

Since then we have had one car blown to pieces and five others hit. Our Verdun post is shelled every evening, and one of the others was heavily peppered last night. The division has suffered heavily, and I do not think can stay more than a few days more. We can't either, if we go on losing men and cars at this rate.

Till today it has rained steadily, which has added to our difficulties. However, we are sticking to it and I think will pull off the work all right.

UNDERGRADUATES IN THE AMBULANCE SERVICE

IN contrast with the reports from men of riper years, a letter to the *Crimson* from a former member of its staff, Philip C. Lewis, of the class of 1917, presents the first impressions of one who would normally have been passing through his junior year at Cambridge.

NEUILLY-SUR-SEINE, PARIS, March 30, 1916.[1]

I'LL start my story from the beginning in the hope that it may interest some of you in Cambridge. There were four of us on the "Finland," George Hollister, Ray Baldwin, and Bert Williams, and the trip across was uneventful until we approached the danger zone, about forty-eight hours out of Liverpool. American flags were painted on both sides of the boat, fore and aft; these were illuminated at night by immense searchlights, as was the flag flying at the stern. All lifeboats were swung out on their davits ready to be lowered instantly. But nothing disturbed our peace-

[1] From *Harvard Crimson*, April 25, 1916.

ful entry into Liverpool early in the morning of March 7.

Here we struck our first war time red-tape, and for three hours we had our passports, credentials and baggage examined. By noon we were on our way to London, a five-hour ride. We reached there as night was coming on, and there we got our first impressions of " darkened London." All that has been written about it is no exaggeration. It seems impossible to believe that such an immense city could be so completely darkened. Hotels and other large buildings seem like empty hulks, so completely do the heavy curtains shut in the light. The huge busses go about at their usual speed with lights even smaller than ordinary tail-lights. Horse-drawn vehicles have no lights at all. Street lamps are painted black, except for a three-inch band at the bottom. The whole effect is practically absolute darkness, and over it all, huge searchlights are continually on the watch for " Zeps."

Before coming to England I couldn't conceive of a population in which every man of military age had joined the army — it seemed that there must be thousands who would lag behind. But to see London now is to be entirely convinced. There are three groups of men, those in uniform (home on leave), those wearing arm-bands showing that for some good reason they are

exempted, and the old men. We in civilian clothes felt painfully conspicuous and embarrassed — people would look at us curiously and scornfully. In London, as in Paris, women are seen doing men's work in countless ways, on street cars, trains, in hotel offices, etc.

After sundry delays, due to the necessity of getting French passports and visés for our American passports, we sailed from Folkestone for Dieppe, March 11, on the " Sussex," which was recently torpedoed, reaching Paris finally at 1 A.M. that night. The next week was spent in getting all our necessary credentials, getting our uniforms, taking driving tests, learning a little about repairs, etc. We met Walter Wheeler, Paul Tison and Julian Lathrop who had arrived a few days before. By March 15, Williams and Baldwin had gone to the front in the Morgan Harjes service, and Lathrop had gone to section No. 1. I can't mention any names of places, so that will have to suffice. The rest of us had to stay on duty, although there was nothing to do, until we were sent to the front.

The monotony was relieved by a dinner given by the Harvard Club of Paris, attended by about twenty-five, with Mr. A. P. Andrew, '95, as toastmaster. Harvard, by the way, has made a remarkable record in this work. Although complete figures were not available, for the transportation department alone, out of two

hundred and fifteen college men enrolled, ninety are Harvard men. Yale and Princeton are next, with twenty-five and twenty-two respectively. This does not include the many Harvard graduates engaged in the executive offices, nor does it consider the Harvard Units. The hospital itself is a wonderfully complete one, especially when it is considered that it is a war hospital exclusively, established in an immense building which was to have been a school. Every detail is complete — all the latest medical ideas are embodied here. Its capacity is about six hundred and fifty, only two hundred and fifty being cared for now.

On March 18 I was sent here to Section No. 1. Hollister and Tison are to go to Section No. 3, and Bill Crane, who came just before I left, was still unassigned. The other Harvard men here in this section are Lathrop, Winsor, and Frank Magoun. There are twenty-three of us here and twenty machines, the last three of us being forced to wait a few weeks before getting cars of our own. Meanwhile, we are to go on all the routes without the trouble of caring for the cars. We live here about sixty kilometres from the lines, and on our three different routes we visit seven *postes de secours*, one being eight hundred metres from the German lines, another slightly over a kilometre, the others ranging from one and one-half to three kilometres.

One route entails night duty, and I went out on it the first night. We went by a plateau road furnishing us a wonderful view. Brilliant signal bombs were going up all along the semi-circle of lines, and then we could see the lightning-like battery flashes, white and red. On reaching the *poste* we were given some wounded and took them to another town to the hospital. Returning at about 11, we were sent off again with still more, returning at 3 A.M. to grab a three-hour nap. The next morning an immense English naval gun opened up behind us, and as the Germans quite naturally replied, I had my first experience of listening to the whistling of shells over my head. Of course, there was no danger, for the Germans were after a mark about two kilometres behind us. I could tell many stories in connection with the wounded, innumerable examples of French courage shown to us every day, but I have gone on long enough. . . .

FROM JOHN F. BROWN, JR., '18

A FORMER member of still a younger class than that of the undergraduate whose letter has just been read kept a record of his experiences with Field Section No. 1 of the American Ambulance Hospital

Motor Service. From the diary of John F. Brown, Jr., '18, the following passages are taken:

February 11, 1916.

On service at V—— again today. . . . Yesterday was a pretty busy day. I was on No. 1 route. Made over 120 kilometres during the day. Ran through V—— three times; each time it was being bombarded. Less than five minutes before I pulled into the yard here for lunch two " 105's " hit the gate-keeper's lodge, which is connected with the stable where we sleep. All our men were at lunch and nobody was hurt.

After lunch I got three *couchés* at R—— for V——. They were shelling V—— when I passed through, and the only person I saw was an officer standing in a doorway. He waved us back, but we made a run for it. Smoke was pouring out of a little store that had just been hit. We crossed the bridge all right, although the shells were hitting uncomfortably close.

The Boches dropped five shells into C—— just as we got there, and we took out four *blessés* — one a four-striper. On the way home Nelson and I stopped for a few minutes on the plateau to watch the artillery duel below us. It was a weird and fascinating sight in the gathering darkness — the flashes of the French

cannon outlined against the dark pines of the valley, and the breaking of the German shrapnel over R—— and F——, the deep, dark red flashes of the French guns, and way over on the opposite plateau the bright flash of the bursting shells.

As I am writing this I can hear the shells whistling overhead. This time they are higher up. These don't screech — sound like an electric motor starting up, and then, as they go by, a whistle. I must admit it gives me a funny feeling, especially as they are getting closer, and none of them are exploding, so you can't tell how really close they are. And I can't help thinking of the two holes in the gate-keeper's lodge, and wondering if they still have that gun set. One of those shells a few feet further to the right or left, and ——! It doesn't pay to get thinking of things like that. Nelson has just grabbed his helmet and gone out to see if he can see where any of them are landing, and I guess I'll go too. That's the funny part of it all, the shelling fascinates you, and you stand out in the open, liable to be hit at any minute, but perfectly happy as long as you can watch what is going on.

February 13, 1916.

YESTERDAY about two o'clock all the French batteries along this section opened up. It started all at once —

an almost continuous roar, all sizes of guns; and every few minutes the machine-gun would rattle out, and this mingled with the rifle fire and the roar of the big guns was almost deafening. For two hours there was no let-up, and then the Germans answered.

It got so hot in V—— that our men had to stay underground. At R—— several shells landed on the lawn in front of the hospital, and finally one tore its way into the operating-room and exploded there. Finally it was decided to evacuate the entire hospital, and our cars did the job without the loss of a man.

At eight o'clock I had just finished a game of chess with " Huts " when orders for extra cars began coming in. Nelson and I went down at 8.30, and the shells were still coming in then. I took a post call to H——. It was the first time I had ever been over that road, and I won't forget it in a hurry. The moon was shining, and the road for the most part was very good. Here and there was a shell hole, or a piece of a tree in the road; and at one place an army wagon which had been demolished by a shell. We drove pretty fast, the *brancardier* and I, for a line of brush screen between one and the *mitrailleuse* doesn't give one a very secure feeling. All the time the French artillery was firing over us, and the Boche shells were coming in. After turning the corner at H—— the road to the *poste* was

very steep and rough. There were many shell holes and piles of brick and stone in the road. Here it was very narrow, and we had to climb it on low speed, it was so steep. We climbed through two rows of buildings, but came to a place where there was a break in the buildings on the right. "A little faster here, the *mitrailleurs* sweep the road at this point," said my comrade. We pulled up to the *poste*, and I shut the engine off, as it was boiling. There was no one in sight when we stopped, but the *brancardiers* were waiting for us, and they brought our man from underground. As they were putting the stretcher in the car I could hear the bullets from the *mitrailleuse* and rifles smashing against the court-yard wall. My *brancardier* looks at me and smiles.

The *blessé* is loaded slowly and carefully, and I am just cranking my car, when the doctor in charge of the *poste* walks out, shakes hands with me, thanks me for coming, and wishes me good luck on the return trip.

As we shot down the hill, I couldn't help but think of that open space in the walls. "The Boches are less than 300 metres from us at this point," said my companion. All the time we could hear the rifle bullets go "spat" up against the wall, and every few minutes the "plop, plop, plop" of the *mitrailleuse*; and now there is no wall, and we hold our breath. Now we hit

a pile of bricks while trying to dodge a shell hole, and at last we turn the corner into H——, and the walls again. A good straight road to V——, and we make the most of it. Our *blessé* is to go to the hospital at C——, "*vitement.*" He is like most of them — badly wounded and dead game! Not a sound as the car rolls and rocks down the road in the moonlight!

February 17, 1916.

I WAS on No. 1 again to-day. While at the hospital in V——, I met a Harvard man (1910) who had been wounded three times and was just getting over an attack of fever; outside of that, as he said, he was feeling fine. He had served with the Legion.

I saw one of the saddest sights today I have seen since I have been over here. I had stopped at the hospital in V—— to unload my sick and wounded. The last man to crawl out was forty if he was a day, and so sick that he could hardly walk. He was shaking with fever and couldn't stand up straight. It took him a very long time to get from the car to the hospital, even with my help. As I left him I pressed a franc into his hot and shaking hand, and said, "*pour les cigarettes.*" He looked at me with tears in his eyes, and as he thanked me and saluted, I turned away with my own eyes moist. I felt almost ashamed of being young and

healthy, and of driving an ambulance. It is a crime to put men of that age into the trenches in the winter time! They can't stand the strain. I have seen it time and time again. It is bad enough to see a man wounded, but to see a man who hadn't been touched, all broken in health, and unable to hold his head up, that to me is the saddest thing of all.

February 18, 1916.

YESTERDAY the lieutenant got a letter from the *Médecin-chef* at R——, commending the section for its "bravery and devotion in evacuating the wounded during the last bombardment of the V——R—— sector," and mentioning Woolverton [a Yale man] particularly, as having "several shells break very close to his machine." Of course, we are all pretty much pleased, and everybody is tickled to death that "Woolvy" was mentioned, as it means a "croix-de-guerre" for him.

February 24, 1916.

HAD a call to the *poste* at V——. After I had turned my car around at the *poste*, a doctor came to the front of the car and said. "We want you to wait about five minutes." Had I not seen that his arms were covered with blood, nearly to his elbows, I would have known by the quiet manner of the little group around the

door of the *poste* what the five-minute wait was for. I got out of the car and saw the bloody *sac* and rifle standing by the door, and the look on the faces of the men pausing on their way to and from the *première ligne*. But I arranged my stretcher and blankets and waited. At the end of a few minutes the doctor reappeared and said, "You may go now; he is dead." I asked him how it happened, and he said, as he shrugged his shoulders, "Nobody knows. He lay in the *boyau* for an hour and a half before he was found." He had bled to death almost within call of his comrades. Just one more man who has died, without any mention of his name, even — for France. One more *croix de bois* in the ever-growing graveyard on the hillside behind the lines he had helped to hold in the attack last week. One more letter to a family stating that so and so had been killed in action on such and such a date. Sometimes we wonder how many crosses there are on the hillside behind the gray lines of the Boches, and which group grows the more rapidly.

We are all speculating on the attacks around Verdun, and what they signify.

FROM THE LETTERS OF TWO AMBULANCE DRIVERS

NO phase of the work of American volunteers in the European War has been described more fully than that of the ambulance drivers. Each one of them sees it from his individual angle of vision, and so contributes a fresh element to the general understanding of the nature of this perilous and most humane service. The following passages from intimate letters of C. S. Forbes, '00, and C. R. Codman, 2d, '15, with the motor corps of the American Ambulance Hospital, will yield the final impression — for this collection — of the work in which so many Harvard men have been engaged. The fight at Verdun is, more patently, the scene of Codman's experiences.

FROM C. S. FORBES, '00

March 3, 1916.

I AM writing this in a stable *al fresco* with snowy sleet falling outside, and damned cold on the hands, so that

if my orthography is not as perfect as usual you will know the reason. There is no light in our sleeping apartment, except that coming from a few small logs of wood burning in an open work stove, and from two small windows a foot square at each end of the vaulted old wine-cellar where we are quartered. There are about twenty-five other French soldiers sleeping there, and I trust it is bomb-proof, though this place is only shelled intermittently and has not been honored for about a week.

This is one of our advanced posts, which our section maintains about half way between the trenches and the barracks where the main outfit is quartered. We stay here two days at a time, and four days at the other place, in rotation; and from these we serve a number of *postes de secours* or dressing-stations near the line and take the wounded to any of a number of designated hospitals in the vicinity. From this place we can only go forward at night, as the roads leading from here are under the direct fire of the enemy and it is not considered healthy to venture out with such a valuable piece of property as a Ford. This is my first visit away from our barracks, so I am not able to give you any exciting details of dodging shells, but some of our fellows come in every day with stories of narrow escapes, most of which, I have no doubt, are fiction. Still it is a

wonder to me that none of our fellows have been hit. Last night the Boches turned a search-light into a French ambulance, on the road from here, and peppered it for two miles, but luckily did not touch it. They would, of course, like to do the same to us.

I have not as yet come into contact with any distressing cases of wounded soldiers, but three men have died in our ambulances on the way to the operating rooms from the dressing stations within the last week. I am not looking forward to that sort of thing at all.

The village I am in is most picturesque, quite Swiss looking, with lots of muddy helmeted soldiers standing around the doorways and walking about the streets. All the moving is done at night. The country is quite hilly and when the spring comes it will be perfectly lovely, except for the constant reminder of war ever present.

The other day I was at our other advanced post, where I walked in the daytime and had the pleasure of seeing a German aeroplane being shelled, with, however, no tangible results. A battery of French "75's" was barking away, only a short distance away; but although you could hear the explosion of the shells in the distance, I could not realize that the thing was at all real. Last night we also had an interesting view of an aeroplane being shelled at night. We were just going

into our dinner at 6.30 at our barracks when a rocket went up in the distance, and a few seconds later six or eight powerful searchlights began sweeping the skies for the German. Anti-aircraft guns also started shooting, and the exploding of the shrapnel in the sky could be distinctly seen by the successive flashes. It seemed like some sort of gala occasion, and not at all that the purpose of the thing was really to kill some unseen cuss flying in the sky!

April 9, 1916.

LIFE here is quite monotonous at times, and at others as strenuous as anyone could wish. We are quartered at present in military barracks, which we use as a base, and have two other more advanced posts much nearer the firing line. We stay four days at a time at one, and two days at the other, taking our turns in rotation. Going into statistics, there are twenty-one hospitals in our sector that we serve, and about eighteen dressing stations (*postes de secours*.) It is at the advanced posts that our real interesting work takes place. At a great many points we pass over roads that are constantly shelled by the Germans, and some that are near enough to the enemy lines to be suicide to cross in daytime. These we have to reach by night, driving, of course, without any lights, and with as little sound as possible. This, I find most trying, especially on cloudy

nights, and worse still if it is raining as well. The roads near the front are, as you may imagine, none too good, and pitted at many unexpected spots with recent shell holes. As soon as it is dark, long trains of transports move forward to re-stock the lines at the front, and troops straggle along to relieve the men in the trenches. As the drivers of the wagons seem to make a habit of driving on the wrong side of the road, you can imagine what fun it is trying to make any sort of time when you have a load of badly wounded on board. So far — so far, I repeat, as I expect to be less lucky—I have only been smashed into once. I had three wounded, on a very black night on a road which the stretcher-bearers cheerfully told me had been swept by machine-gun fire the night before, going along at a snail's pace, when a great sleepy drunken driver refused to give me room, and crashed into me. Great was my trepidation when I got out to find what remained. Visions of my three wounded marooned all night, and my car blown to pieces as soon as dawn broke, filled my more or less agitated brain, but great was my joy to find that, with the exception of a smashed mudguard, bent triangle and front axle, and broken radiator, the trusty Ford was able to limp safely into port ten miles away. Shells bursting anywhere near me fill me with the gravest alarm and dread. . . .

German shells are most terrifying. You can hear them a fraction of a second before they burst. They come along with a sort of malicious hiss, a hiss full of hatred and death, then a BANG! that seems to penetrate to your inmost soul — it is a BANG full of devilish purpose and hellish efficiency, a bang that intends to tear every shred of your living flesh to smallest fragments and blow what remains of your soul to the other side of eternity. In other words, they scare me to death, and I have no desire to stand up in the open amid a storm of shot and shell. As a matter of fact, I haven't met any soldier who hasn't the most profound respect for them, and the more experienced the man, the quicker he knows how to dive into a shelter hole. . . .

May 18.

I AM afraid I have nothing new to tell you. We are in the process of moving to another place, and consequently there is much excitement and movement. For the first time since being here, we have seen troops with fixed bayonettes marching behind bands, and flying standards, and have got a small glimpse of the old time picturesqueness and panoply of war; we had been seeing nothing but a lot of tired men straggling along in muddy old garments of every description. We have recently seen a lot of the Alpine troops around here,

and they certainly are a snappy looking crowd of youngsters — all with shad bellies — and their officers in particular are especially smart and well set up.

Although work behind the front out of sound of the guns and shells seems comparatively dull, I shall not be sorry to go to new fields. It is not nearly so trying to my particular nerves to drive over roads which are supposed to be in a dangerous zone, as it is to go to places which you know are favorite spots for German shells, and where you have seen them burst time and again. When driving in those places, my terror does not seem to strike me in the pit of the stomach or any particular spot, but I get a feeling of general debility accompanied by distinct homesickness for dear Boston.

July 1.

We are in a busy sector here all right. We are quartered in a tent, which leaks like a sieve every time it rains; and it has been raining steadily in buckets since almost B.C. We drive out every night, that is to say three nights out of four, to the posts at the Front which we evacuate. We make a half-way stop at another village about ten kilometres from the advanced posts. These ten kilometres seem more like a thousand when the Germans are shelling the roads, which is about all the time. This second village is apt to be bombarded

with fairly heavy pieces, so that waiting around there for orders is no pleasant pastime. I saw a shell go through the roof of the house just opposite our cars, and next to the room where we have benches to sit on. It might just as well have been ten yards to the left and killed a lot of our men. The next night a large shell burst right in the middle of the street where our cars are lined up, but luckily half an hour before we arrived. It killed eighteen outright, and seriously wounded twenty-two others. The dead were all lined up on the street when we arrived, and presented a most ghastly appearance with their hideously atrocious lacerations. It was not a very pleasant sight to start off on our night's work, which is hard enough on the nerves without such side horrors. Although the Germans do not necessarily aim individual shots at us, we follow the roads of the convoys that pass to and from this very active front — change of troops, artillery, and all the long re-stocking trains — and it is their object, of course, to destroy these communications; this is how we get it in the neck. There are two or three spots along the road which are particularly marked, and you can bet your boots that when we approach these places we put on full speed ahead as far as the shell holes in the road will allow, or the condition of the wounded in the car without actually kill-

ing them. On the way up there are also countless French batteries on both sides of the road, which naturally come in for attention from the Boches. Finally, when we get up to the *poste de secours*, which is quite high up a hill, we have to expect shells any minute that are aimed at a battery right next door. It is most nerve-racking work, and most terrifying. However, when you are actually on the move, there is such a hell of a lot going on that you have little time to make psychological studies of your sensations. To begin with, there is the no mean task of steering your trusty Ford clear of shell holes and ditches, not such a cinch when it is raining cats and dogs, and it is blacker than the deepest dungeon. Last night the French section that shares the work with us had six big cars ditched, *en route*.

When there is an attack on, the scene is quite indescribably unreal. The din is most awe-inspiring. Seemingly from almost every square yard for miles around the French guns belch forth a continuous stream of death into the inferno in front, and the Germans answer in like manner with their shrieking and shattering shells. From all sides rockets shoot up into the sky as if celebrating some gala performance of the Devil himself. White rockets that remain in the air for about a minute, red balls of fire, green lights, great

flares of bengal lights, and some great fiendish looking things, that zigzag across the sky like some gigantic snake. And then when all this bedlam dies down we get the miserable results that are carried in, covered with mud and blood. Human life is certainly cheap in these parts. I am quite surprised that I can look at all these bloody and dying men almost unmoved. Before I did this work the smell of an operating room would almost make me pass out. I don't know how much longer we are going to be on this front. I hope not too long, as it is beginning to wear on the nerves. We go out each night, expecting it to be our last, but somehow we get back all right. I trust our good luck will continue.

FROM C. R. CODMAN, 2D, '15

June 19.

AFTER an extremely interesting trip we have finally arrived at the hub of the western front. For the last week we have been pushing our way by stages along the main road leading to the city, which is jammed with traffic like Fifth Avenue at five o'clock. Day and night there is a ceaseless stream of trucks bringing back remnants of regiments, and taking up fresh ones. The road is pretty badly worn and the dust terrific.

For the present we are encamped temporarily about ten kilometres from the city, waiting for our

division to go into action. The surrounding hills are covered with tents and picketted horses, and in the evening, with the smoke rising from the camp fires, it looks quite like a scene from a Civil War movie. From the top of a near-by ridge, however, one gets a picture which is distinctly up-to-date, with balloons, duelling aeroplanes, and high explosive shells bursting on the côtes opposite. It is an extraordinary and exhilarating feeling to be actually taking in the greatest battle of history from a front-row seat, so to speak.

Last night a few of us went in a staff car to look over the road which is to be our regular run. It was intensely interesting. The approaches to the city were seething with trucks and galloping artillery, and the noise of the bombardment deafening beyond all description. We passed through the city itself, which I can't describe, but which is unbelievably shattered, and out to a suburb on the other side where the real run begins. Here we waited for it to get entirely dark, as the road from here on more or less parallels the lines, converging towards them, and ending in a *poste de secours* which is only a few hundred yards from the trenches. All the way out the firing was uninterrupted and appallingly loud. The whistle of shells was a distinct novelty, though not a particularly pleasant one, but, as a spectacular performance, the incessant

flashing of the guns, and the flare of star-bombs and multi-colored rockets made a really superb display. Those who claim that there is nothing picturesque about modern warfare are all off. It's gorgeous. . . .

July 10.

. . . I AM afraid I have not written for some time, but the last weeks have been strenuously busy as well as rather harrowing, and what time off I have had has been spent in dreamless sleep. Looking back on the ten days spent at Verdun, I feel that it was perfectly miraculous, our getting away with only one man badly wounded. Our run was from Verdun to Bras, over a road which was shelled intermittently every night. I have no right to describe the thing in detail, and in a way I would rather not anyway, as just now I am trying to forget it as much as possible. Of course it was a wonderful experience, and I would not have missed it for anything, but you can judge how lucky we were when I tell you that half the cars have holes in them from *éclats*, and that two or three men were grazed by shrapnel, one bullet actually lodging in Waldo Peirce's pocket-book in the most approved melodramatic manner. . . .

I think the psychology of shells is rather interesting. At first, everything is so new and interesting and unbe-

lievable that it seems as if it must be more or less prearranged and that a mere spectator is perfectly safe. Gradually, however, after a few come rather close, and you have seen other men hit, it dawns on *you* that you are really apt to get hit if you hang around long enough, and finally after being actually spattered, you become absolutely convinced that it is just a question of time when they get you. I know, towards the end, I was perfectly sure that I was not coming out of it alive.

The night after our arrival the Germans launched a gas attack, which is about the most unpleasant thing imaginable. Fortunately, we had been equipped with gas masks that really fitted, and which were entirely effective, but it was impossible to see through them clearly enough to drive a car, so that when actually on the road we had to go without them. Most of the gas was of the 'lacrimogene' variety, which merely makes your eyes run and your throat sting, but out towards Bras one got a whiff of the chlorine, which is fearful. Many of those whom we brought in overcome died soon after in horrible agony. Altogether it was rather a depressing début in the war zone. We all noticed as a curious after-effect of the gas, that for days afterwards cigarettes tasted like the most horrible sulphur fumes, and all liquor, like powerful acid, (which you will doubtless consider confirms the saying, "It is an ill

wind," etc.). It was really an extraordinary experience to be right in the thick of the most acute stage of this terrific battle. Second only to the wonderful fortitude of the wounded, who are always magnificent, was the really heroic behavior of the *brancardiers*, who crawl out between the lines, and carry in wounded on their backs. To me it seems that their work requires more real courage than any other branch of the service.

For the next few weeks we shall be *en repos* while the division fills out its depleted numbers. . . .

"LE ROI DE L'AIR EST ROYALEMENT MORT"

IN these words a Parisian journalist brought to an end his tribute to the life and death of Victor Chapman.[1] This young graduate of Harvard, of the class of 1913, a son of John Jay Chapman, '84, was in Paris, studying architecture, when the War broke out. He enlisted at once in the Foreign Legion of the French Army, and rendered courageous, cheerful service in its ranks. When the Franco-American Aviation Squadron was formed in the spring of 1915, Chapman attached himself to it, the youngest of the five Harvard men in the corps — Frazier Curtis, '98, Norman Prince, '08, Laurence Rumsey, '08, and E. C. Cowdin, 2d, '09, being the others. Chapman's skill and intrepidity won him, among the French, the title of "le roi de l'air." The sheer joy of the perilous game he was playing, with all the devotion of a nature quickened by a deep sense of righteousness, imparts a color of

[1] See *L'Opinion*, Paris, July 1, 1916.

its own to the pages of the following letter written to his younger brother in the month before that of his death.

May 3, 1916

DEAR CONRAD: Ha! A snooze and a warm bath at the cure house. Now, let's see — yesterday my machine not being ready, I took an old baby, sent for the M. F.'s to practise on: nice engine, climbs fine, just the thing to practise '*virages*' with, and make one at home in an aeroplane turning unusual positions. '*Kerage*' *verticale;* to the right, to the left; *renverssement à* '*loopine*'*;* up, up, upside down, motor cut waiting, waiting — I forgot to keep the broomstick on my stomach, so it did not finish, but began to corkscrew down, nose first. "What the deuce?" I thought, "ah, yes, the famous *vrille* one hears so much about." Whee, but she spins round! Here's where I apply the remedy — foot and hand to the inside to accentuate the swing and give it more impetus, hence control. Now straighten out with the feet and pull on the stick. There we are! Over switch, and on motor! I'm very glad to have done it, for it is the worst thing that can happen; barring breakage in air. Now I know I can get myself out of any knots I may tie myself in while manoeuvring with a Boche. (I take it in a flight one's position towards the adversary must be of first importance, and that to

the ground, secondary). It was well I went well up to twelve or fifteen hundred metres before experimenting, for I was not more than five or six hundred when I came out. Some of the sharks, aces they call them here, do the *vrille* for fun, at fifty or seventy-five metres over the hangars. I have never seen it, but hear it is thrilling. Rather foolish though, for it strains the machine, and if one does it too near he dives into the ground like a bullet.

But for this morning: Rockwell called me up at three, " fine day, get up! " It was very clear, we hung around at Billy's, and took chocolate made by his *ordonnance*. Hall and the Lieutenant were guards on the field; but Thaw, Rockwell, and I thought we would take a " tour chez les Boches." Being the first time, the *mechanaux* were not there, and the machine-gun rolls not ready. However, it looked misty in the Vosges, so we were not hurried. " Rendezvous over the field at a thousand metres," shouted Kiffin. I nodded, for the motor was turning; and we sped over the field and up.

In my little cock-pit, from which my shoulders just protrude, I have several diversions besides flying. The compass, of course, and the map I keep tucked in a tiny closet over the reservoir before my knees, a small clock, and an *altimètre*. But most important is the

contour, showing revolutions of the motor, which one is constantly regarding as he moves the *manettes* of gasolene and gas, back and forth. To husband one's fuel and tease the motor to round eleven takes attention, for the carburetter changes with the weather and the altitude.

Over the field we soared, and due east for B—. Twelve, sixteen, nineteen, twenty-two, twenty-four hundred metres — mounting well at one thousand one hundred and eighty turns. The earth seemed hidden under a fine web such as the Lady of Shallot wove; soft purple in the west changing to shimmering white in the east. Under me on the left, the Vosges, like rounded sand dunes cushioned up with velvety light and dark mosses (really forests). But to the south, standing firmly above the purple cloth like icebergs shone the Alps. My! they looked steep and jagged. The sharp blue shadows on their western slopes emphasized the effect. One mighty group standing aloof to the West—Mont Blanc, perhaps. Ah, there are quantities of worm-eaten fields — my friends, the trenches, — and that town with the canal going through it must be M—. Right beside the *capote* of my engine, shining through the white silk cloth, a silver snake: the Rhine! "What, not over quarter to six, and I left the field at five! Thirty-two hundred metres. Let's

go north and have a look at the map. Boo, my feet are getting cold!"

While thus engaged "Trun-un-ng-tsss" — a black puff of smoke appeared behind my tail, and I had the impression of having a piece of iron hiss by. "Must have got my range, first shot!" I surmised, and making a steep bank, *piqué'd* heavily. "There, I've lost them now!" The whole art of avoiding shells is to pay no attention till they get your range, and then dodge away, change altitude, and generally avoid going in a straight line. In point of fact, I could see bunches of exploding shells up over my right shoulder, now a kilometre off. They continued to shell that section for some time; the little balls of smoke thinning out and merging as they crossed the lines.

Billy Thaw and Rockwell came over me, thirty-seven hundred metres they must have been; I tried to follow them but found it difficult. Up by A— I recrossed the lines, taking a look at T— and returned over M—. I met the same reception, but their aim was wild, two or three hundred metres above, and a scattering way under me. Nary a Boche sailing over that misty sea! My cheeks felt cold, and having lost sight of my companions (it's much harder to see them when one is a little below, on account of the wings), I headed for the foothills of the Vosges. M—, then smaller

villages huddled up in the valley, and a couple of little lakes, like jagged pieces of jet, in the green seaweedy map. Right over the Ballon d'Alsace I went, it seemed near, for I was sinking, now having reduced my engine. Then Ballon de Servance with its Fort, and the gentle green valley in the west. Lots of tiny lakes broadcast in the wood, and a winding stream to F—, where I picked up Z— and the new hangars of the field. Down, down, with the uneven throbs of the motor, the sound of the wind in the cables, and the teeter of the tangent machine settling. (I was descending as slowly as possible, for it brutalizes one to come down fast, — one's ears and appreciation of distance, you know). How charming the little creek looked in the meadow with groups of trees and shrubs so daintily arranged, and all inimitable green. A roar of the motor, a tour of the terrain, and two or three hundred metres to get the wind, and I scooped on to the field. The others had not returned, but a printed slip was handed to me a moment later. Telephone message from the field near the Front: "Lieutenant Thaw et Capitaine Rockwell rentrés. Lieutenant a trois éclats d'obus dans son appareil dont un dans le bécquille l'a fait céder en atterissant. Corporal Chapman vu au dessus de M—— à 2800."

May 13. — Yesterday afternoon I went up above the clouds, over the field, to have my picture taken by

an M. F. I had motor trouble in leaving, so was late when I got up there — 2500m. It was too late. This morning I was guard with McConnell; weather not propitious, a great variety of clouds. Finally at five o'clock I took a sail for half-an-hour. Breakfasted. The Captain came down and suggested we all make a tour, save Thaw, whose machine is still in 'reparation', the other side of B—. We lined up, tried our motors, and left at 6.45. A circle over the town, and off we go! This time I was not going to be below, so I did not try to spare my motor, and easily got up to over 3700 over D—. Not seeing the rest I made a trip over the lines by A—, let them waste some shells on me, and came back to find them all. The Captain in his silver 170 H. P., and the rest in theirs, with clouded, green scenery. It's much too dark, and shows up against the pale landscape below. Odd, one seems to be travelling straight, merely letting the machine ride easily; but I noticed today we were forever swinging back and forth. First a machine would be under one wing tip, then he would float back and appear on the other side. To get a better view, now and again I would list, and look over the cloud banks. There were more clouds today, no Alps visible, but I saw the turn in the Rhine, and its zig-zag course in hills beyond B—. A fine shimmer in the air which looked like silky threads and took rain-

bow colors in the sun. I tried to take a picture or two with my camera of the other machines and a shell puff, but the light was not good, and everything is faint. We went by C—, where the battleworn woods were smoking with a bombardment. Up the valley of T—, then back to D—, and home by B—. The bombardment was very feeble as compared to yesterday. All returned, and landed well. McConnell, on his first trip, went up to four thousand three hundred metres. He must have a fine engine. A cinema has come this afternoon to take us. Prince and Cowdin returned from Paris for the occasion. Now mind you *no publicity* on this, it would get me in trouble.

Your loving

VICTOR.

On the morning of Saturday, June 24, 1916, Sergeant Victor Chapman, serving near Verdun, heard that his fellow-aviator, Sergeant Balsley, lying wounded in a hospital, much desired some oranges. With a basket of them in his aeroplane, Chapman set out on a mission of mercy as old as humanity itself, albeit attempted in the most modern of vehicles. As he flew towards his friend he saw in the distance what proved on nearer view to be four

German aeroplanes in conflict with three from his own squadron. Dashing impetuous into the fight he brought three of the Germans to earth, but himself was killed, and fell within the German lines. The immediate reward of his sacrifice was that his three comrades returned in safety to their camp.

"Poor Victor Chapman," wrote Norman Prince[1] to his family a few days later, "was lost last week. He was of tremendous assistance to Elliot [Cowdin] and me in getting together the *escadrille*; his heart was in it to make ours as good as any at the front; he was almost too courageous in attacking German machines wherever and whenever he saw them. . . . Victor died, was killed while attacking an aeroplane that was attacking Luffberry and me. Another, and unaccounted for, German came and brought Victor down while he was endeavoring to protect us. A glorious death, *face à l'ennemi*, for a great cause, and to save a friend."

[1] As these pages go to press, the news is received (Oct. 16, 1916) that Norman Prince has been killed in action between French and German aeroplanes. His gallantry had already won him the Croix de Guerre and Médaille Militaire. On his deathbed, in a hospital in the Vosges, the cross of the Legion of Honor was pinned on his breast.

Beyond the immediate reward was the recognition in France and America of an heroic gift of life, glowing with significance. The French philosopher and academician, Emile Boutroux, declared:

"Non, les grands interprêtes de la conscience humaine n'ont pas eu tort: mourir, plutôt que de trahir la cause du droit et de la justice, ce n'est pas mourir, c'est s'immortaliser. Mais ce n'est pas seulement survivre dans l'imagination de la postérité, c'est laisser derrière soi une semence de foi et de vertu qui, tôt ou tard, assurera le triomphe du bien." [1]

A Harvard poet, Benjamin Apthorp Gould, '91, wrote a few days later, these lines which may stand as the exequy on each Harvard man who has given his life's blood to the cause he has deemed worth the offering:

VICTOR CHAPMAN [2]

It is not true he died in France:
His spirit climbs the serried years,
Victorious over empty fears,
And proof of Freedom's last advance.

[1] From *Le Temps*, Paris, July 5, 1916.
[2] From *Boston Herald*, July 17, 1916.

The handful of his mortal clay
  May drift upon a foreign breeze
  To burgeon into flowers and trees
That make the diadem of May.

Himself still lives, and cannot die,
  While freemen shun the tyrant's heel,
  While minds are true and hearts are leal,
And men look upward to the sky.

Compact of elemental fire
  And heart untouched by easy fear,
  His vision measures fair and clear
The worth of ultimate desire.

For him no blight of searing age;
  Eternal youth is his and joy,
  The cheerful gladness of the boy
Shall be his constant heritage.

Mourn not for that devoted head;
  He is the spirit of our race
  Triumphant over Time and Space —
He cannot die; he is not dead.

THE LIST OF HARVARD MEN IN THE EUROPEAN WAR

THE LIST OF HARVARD MEN IN THE EUROPEAN WAR

Under the definition "Harvard Surgical Unit" are entered the members of the successive contingents of the Unit sent by the Harvard Medical School to General Hospital 22 of the British Expeditionary Force in France.

FRED H. ALL, G.S. '14–15, American Ambulance Service.

LOUIS ALLARD, Assistant Professor of French; interpreter in British Hospital No. 8 at Rouen.

BENJAMIN M. ALTON, M.D., '14, Harvard Surgical Unit.

A. PIATT ANDREW, A.M. '95, PH.D. '00, Inspector-General, American Ambulance Service.

CHARLES L. APPLETON, '08, American Ambulance Service.

RICHARD S. AUSTIN, M.D. '11, Harvard Surgical Unit.

A. AUZIAS-TUREENE, L. '13–14, serving in British Army.

GEORGE W. BACHMAN, '08, M.D. '14, Harvard Surgical Unit.

ELLIOT C. BACON, '10, Red Cross in Paris.

ROBERT BACON, '80, Relief Work, and on Committee of American Ambulance, Paris.

CHARLES BAIRD, Jr., '11, American Ambulance Service.

FREDERICK C. BAKER, '12, Cyclist Service, British Army.

FERNAND BALDENSPERGER, Visiting Professor at Harvard, '13–14, in 31st Corps, French Army.

RAYMOND P. BALDWIN, '16, Morgan-Harjes Ambulance Corps.

E. L. BARRON, '13, American Ambulance Service.

A. A. BARROWS, M.D. '02, Harvard Surgical Unit.

LYMAN G. BARTON, Jr., M.D. '12, American Ambulance Hospital Unit.

J. F. BASS, '91, War Correspondent with Russian Army, wounded in Poland.

Boylston A. Beal, '86, Staff of American Embassies, Berlin and London.

Howard W. Beal, M.D. '98, Chief Surgeon, American Women's War Hospital, Paignton, England.

Edward Bell, '04, American Embassy, London.

George Benet, M.D. '13, American Ambulance Hospital, Harvard Surgical Unit.

Braxton Bigelow, '09, 2d Lieutenant, Field Artillery, British Army.

Stephen S. Bigelow, '15, American Ambulance Service.

William De F. Bigelow, '00, American Ambulance Service.

M. H. Birckhead, '02, American Ambulance Service.

Percy A. Blair, '06, American Ambulance Service.

Robert W. Bliss, '00, 1st Secretary of American Embassy, Paris.

John E. Boit, '12, American Ambulance Service.

Walter M. Boothby, '02, M.D. '06, American Ambulance Hospital Unit.

Russell P. Borden, M.D. '15, Harvard Surgical Unit.

John L. Bremer, '96, M.D. '01, Harvard Surgical Unit.

C. W. Bressler, *s*M. '14–15, Harvard Surgical Unit.

George E. Brewer, M.D. '85, Hospital Work at Juilly, France.

Ferdinand Brigham, D.M.D. '15, Harvard Surgical Unit, Dental Department.

Carlton T. Brodrick, '08, Belgian Relief Commission, drowned in sinking of *Lusitania*.

L. Brokenshire, '16, with 4th Brigade, Canadian Troops.

G. C. Broome, L. '85–86, American Ambulance Service.

John F. Brown, Jr., '18, American Ambulance Service.

John Paulding Brown, '14, American Citizens' Relief Committee, London; American Ambulance Service.

J. W. Brown, '17, American Ambulance Service.

Thomas B. Buffum, '16, American Ambulance Service.

Henry A. Bunker, '10, with Dr. Strong in Serbia.

BENJAMIN P. BURPEE, M.D. '14, Harvard Surgical Unit.
CARLETON BURR, '13, American Ambulance Service.
ROGER A. BURR, '04, Work for Relief of Prisoners in Siberia under the American Red Cross and the American Embassy in Petrograd.
ALFRED T. BURRI, '18, Y.M.C.A. Army Hut Work
CASPAR H. BURTON, Jr., '09, enlisted under Red Cross in British Army.
CHARLES S. BUTLER, '93, M.D. '98, Hospital Work at Fort Mahon, France.
F. W. BUTLER-THWING, '13, 2d Lieutenant, 5th Royal Irish Lancers.
H. G. BYNG, '13, Private in London Artists' Rifles; 2d Lieutenant in 2d Border Regiment; killed near Festubert.
HUGH CABOT, '94, M.D. '98, Chief Surgeon, Harvard Surgical Unit.
FREDERICK J. CALDWELL, D.M.D. '14, Harvard Surgical Unit.
DAVID CARB, '09, American Ambulance Service.
A. G. CAREY, '14, American Ambulance Service, received Croix de Guerre.
H. R. CAREY, '13, American Embassy, Paris.
CHARLES CARROLL, '87, with Robert Bacon helped organize American Ambulance Hospital.
P. A. CARROLL, '02, Inspector for American Ambulance Hospital, Paris.
J. S. CARSTAIRS, '11, Foreign Legion, French Army.
EDWARD C. CARTER, '00, Y.M.C.A. Army Hut Work.
PHILIP T. CATE, '15, American Ambulance Service.
R. S. CATHERON, D.M.D. '05, Harvard Surgical Unit.
ANDRÉ C. CHAMPOLLION, '02, in French Army; killed in trenches at Bois-le-Prêtre, France.
VICTOR E. CHAPMAN, '13, Foreign Legion, French Army, wounded; French Aviation Service, Medaille Militaire; Croix de Guerre; killed in action at Verdun, June 23, 1916.

DAVID CHEEVER, '97, M.D. '01, Chief Surgeon, Harvard Surgical Unit.

OSWALD CHEW, '03, Commission for Relief in Belgium.

J. R. CHILDS, A.M. '15, American Ambulance Service.

ALLEN M. CLEGHORN, Assistant in Physiology, Harvard Medical School, '98–00; Captain in Royal Army Medical Corps; died in England after brief illness.

J. S. COCHRANE, '00, American Ambulance Service.

C. R. CODMAN, 2d, '15, American Ambulance Service.

GEORGE R. COGSWELL, '18, American Ambulance Service.

HENRY AUGUSTUS COIT, '10, Private 5th Battalion, Princess Patricia's Regiment, Canadian Volunteers; died, August 7, 1916, of injuries received at front in France.

F. T. COLBY, '05, American Ambulance Service, Lieutenant in Belgian Army, mentioned for bravery.

F. A. COLLER, M.D. '12, American Ambulance Hospital Unit; later at American Women's War Hospital, Paignton, England.

JOHN G. COOLIDGE, '84, American Embassy, Paris.

E. C. COWDIN, 2d, '09, American Ambulance Service; attached to Belgian Cavalry in Belgium; Sergeant in French Aviation Service; received Croix de Guerre; first American to receive the Medaille Militaire; decorated for valor and aerial efficiency displayed in bringing to earth his third enemy aeroplane.

WILLIAM D. CRANE, '16, American Ambulance Service.

BENJAMIN T. CREDEN, '99, Corporal, 1st Overseas Battalion, Canadian Expeditionary Force.

D. R. W. CRILE, M. '15–16, Harvard Surgical Unit.

GEORGE H. CROCKER, Jr., '17, Morgan-Harjes Ambulance Service; injured on the *Sussex*.

C. R. CROSS, Jr., '03, American Distributing Service; killed in motor accident in France, October, 1915.

BRONSON CROTHERS, '05, M.D. '10, Harvard Surgical Unit.

LAWRENCE B. CUMMINGS, '03, American Ambulance Service.

E. J. Curley, '04, American Ambulance Service, received Croix de Guerre.

Brian C. Curtis, '15, American Ambulance Service.

E. D. Curtis, '14, American Relief Committee in Belgium.

Frazier Curtis, '98, organized American Squadron, French Aviation Service, with Norman Prince, '08.

Laurence Curtis, 2d, '16, American Embassy, Paris.

Harvey Cushing, M.D. '95, Chief Surgeon, American Ambulance Hospital Unit.

Frank H. Cushman, D.M.D. '15, Harvard Surgical Unit.

Elliott C. Cutler, '09, M.D. '13, American Ambulance Hospital Unit.

Paul Dana, '74, Relief Work in Belgium.

Fritz Daur, S.T.M. '14, killed fighting in German Army in Flanders, November, 1914.

Charles C. Davis, '01, American Ambulance Service.

C. W. Day, G.S. '12–14, Lieutenant in Canadian Expeditionary Force, 14th Princess of Wales Own Rifles; killed fighting at Ypres.

George P. Denny, '09, M.D. '13, Harvard Surgical Unit.

Richard Derby, '03, M.D. (Columbia) '07, American Ambulance Hospital, Paris.

Edward S. Dillon, M.D. '16, Harvard Surgical Unit.

John F. Dillon, D.M.D. '15, Harvard Surgical Unit.

W. J. Dodd, M. '00–01, Harvard Surgical Unit.

H. P. Dodge, '92, American Embassy, Paris.

J. I. H. Downes, G.S. '12–15, American Ambulance Service.

E. T. Drake, Jr., '16, Morgan-Harjes Ambulance Service.

W. P. Draper, '13, 2d Lieutenant, R.F.A., British Expeditionary Force.

Ellis L. Dresel, '87, American Embassy, Berlin.

E. J. A. Duquesne, Professor of Architectural Design; Red Cross Work in Paris, as reservist subject to call.

Charles B. Dyar, '06, American Embassy, Berlin.

G. H. Edgell, '09, American Embassy, London.
Theodore H. Ellis, '04, Lieutenant, 8th Loyal North Lancashire Regiment.
Edwin Emerson, '91, War Correspondent.
William K. B. Emerson, '16, American Ambulance Service.
Robert Emmet, '93, Major in Warwickshire Territorials; has become British citizen.
Richard T. Evans, '06, American Red Cross Committee in China for the Relief of Prisoners of War in Siberia.
John S. Farlow, '02, American Ambulance Service.
H. W. Farnsworth, '12, Foreign Legion, French Army, killed at Tahure in autumn of 1915.
J. F. Faulkner, M.D. '13, Harvard Surgical Unit.
W. E. Faulkner, '87, M.D. '91, Harvard Surgical Unit.
S. P. Fay, '07, American Ambulance Service.
William P. Fay, '15, American Ambulance Service.
Roades Fayerweather, '99, M.D. (Johns Hopkins) '03, Head of Unit on Red Cross Hospital Ship; later in France.
Henry O. Feiss, '98, M.D. '02, Assistant to Dr. Du Bouchet, American Ambulance Hospital, Paris.
Robert L. Fellmann, G.S. '13–14, Lieutenant in French Army.
O. D. Filley, '06, American Ambulance Service, in Charge of Unit; Lieutenant and Captain in British Air Service, received the Military Cross for gallantry.
Charles H. Fiske, 3d, '19, American Ambulance Service.
C. Stewart Forbes, '00, American Ambulance Service.
Gerrit Forbes, '04, British Flying Corps, operating in Africa.
Henry S. Forbes, '05, M.D. '11, with Red Cross Sanitary Commission in Serbia.
J. Grant Forbes, '01, " Counsellor " for War Relief Commission, Rockefeller Foundation.
Thomas A. Foster, M.D. '14, Harvard Surgical Unit.
Reginald C. Foster, '11, Member of Staff, War Relief Commission, Rockefeller Foundation.

ARNOLD FRASER-CAMPBELL, '08, Captain, Second Argyll and Highland Regiment.

HAROLD M. FROST, M. '09–13, Harvard Surgical Unit.

C. F. FROTHINGHAM, Jr., '11, American Embassy, London.

BENJAMIN A. G. FULLER, '00, American Embassy, London.

GERALD F. FURLONG, '00, with a Canadian Regiment in Europe.

F. R. FURNESS, '12, caring for wounded Russian soldiers at Petrograd.

JAMES C. FYSHE, '99, M.D. (McGill) '04, went to England with 1st Canadian Contingent as Surgeon with rank of Captain; transferred to Army Medical Corps.

JOHN P. GALATTI, '09, American Embassy, London.

STEPHEN GALATTI, '10, American Embassy, London; American Ambulance Service, received Croix de Guerre.

A. J. GALLISHAW, SC. '14–16, service with Newfoundland Regiment at Gallipoli.

JOSEPH W. GANSON, '92, Foreign Legion, French Army.

DOANE GARDINER, '07, 1st Lieutenant, 3d Reserves, 3d Battalion, City of London Regiment of Royal Fusiliers.

GORDON GARDINER, S.S. '05, Captain, K.O.S.B.; Major, Chief Intelligence Officer, Scottish Command.

A. P. GARDNER, '86, helped organize and direct volunteer corps of assistants at American Embassy in London in caring for stranded Americans.

MERRILL GAUNT, And. '14–16, died, April, 1916, of cerebro-spinal meningitis while in Morgan-Harjes Ambulance Service.

H. M. GOODWIN, M.D. '13, Harvard Surgical Unit.

PIERRE ALEXANDRE GOUVY, C. '11–12, G.B. '12–13, Lieutenant, French Field Artillery; wounded.

HAROLD S. GRAY, '18, Y.M.C.A. Army Hut Work.

R. H. GREELEY, '01, in service in military hospital, Houlgate, France; Director, American Distributing Service; injured in motor accident, October, 1915; received Cross of Legion of Honor.

E. G. Greene, '11, American Embassy, London.
Henry Copley Greene, '94, French Wounded Emergency Fund.
Quincy S. Greene, '13, American Embassy, London; Lieutenant, Coldstream Guards, British Army.
Warwick Greene, '01, War Relief Commission, Rockefeller Foundation.
C. Greenough, '04, aided in equipping hospitals in Paris.
Robert B. Greenough, '92, M.D. '96, American Ambulance Hospital Unit, Executive Officer.
Allen Greenwood, M.D. '89, Harvard Surgical Unit.
W. T. Grenfell, A.M. (Hon.) '09, Harvard Surgical Unit.
J. C. Grew, '02, 1st Secretary, American Embassy, Berlin.
F. B. Grinnell, '09, M.D. '13, with Dr. Strong in Serbia.
Roger Griswold, '14, American Ambulance Service.
Alexander H. Gunn, '11, American Volunteer Ambulance Corps of French Army.
F. M. Gunther, '07, American Embassy, London.
Paul Gustafson, '12, M.D. '16, Harvard Surgical Unit.
Gardner Hale, '15, American Ambulance Service, in charge of Division.
H. D. Hale, '14, American Ambulance Service, received Croix de Guerre.
Louis P. Hall, G.S. '13–15, American Ambulance Service.
John W. Hammond, Jr., M.D. '12, Harvard Surgical Unit.
Lyman S. Hapgood, '97, M.D. '01, Harvard Surgical Unit.
Edward Harding, '11, M.D. '16, Harvard Surgical Unit.
Henry Knox Hardon, '12, American Ambulance Service.
Oliver B. Harriman, '09, 2d Secretary, American Embassy, Berlin.
William C. Harrington, '16, American Ambulance Service.
H. F. Hartwell, '95, M.D. '98, Harvard Surgical Unit.
Lionel de Jersey Harvard, '15, Lieutenant in Grenadier Guards, British Army.

HAROLD W. HASERICK, '17, 2d Lieutenant, 4th Essex Regiment.
GEORGE H. HAZLEHURST, M.C.E. '13, with Dr. Strong in Serbia.
LAWRENCE HEMENWAY, '15, American Ambulance Service.
ALEXANDER I. HENDERSON, '13, American Ambulance Service.
MORTON J. HENRY, L. '88–91, Major, U.S.A.; American Embassy, Paris.
JOHN A. HERBERT, '18, left College to receive commission in England.
C. HIGGINSON, '17, American Ambulance Service.
LAWRENCE R. HILL, M.D. '07, Harvard Surgical Unit.
LOVERING HILL, '10, American Ambulance Service, received Croix de Guerre; three times cited for bravery.
ROBERT W. HINDS, '05, M.D. '10, one of five surgeons in charge of units on S.S. *Red Cross*; assisting at Hasslor Royal Naval Hospital, near Portsmouth; also at American Women's War Hospital at Paignton, England.
JOSEPH P. HOGUET, '04, M.D. (Columbia) '07, American Ambulance Hospital.
G. M. HOLLISTER, '18, American Ambulance Service.
CARLYLE H. HOLT, '12, American Ambulance Service.
SAMUEL A. HOPKINS, M.D. (Coll. Phys. and Surg., Columbia) '80, Instructor in Dental Pathology, Harvard Dental School, '06–09; Harvard Surgical Unit.
RONALD W. HOSKIER, '18, left College to receive commission in England.
HERBERT H. HOWARD, M.D. '12, American Women's War Hospital, Paignton, England.
SIDNEY C. HOWARD, G.S. '15–16, American Ambulance Service.
GARDINER G. HUBBARD, '00, American Ambulance Service; Lieutenant, British Aviation Corps.
EDWARD E. HUNT, '10, War Correspondent, Relief Work in Belgium.
WILLIAM E. HUNTER, *s*M. '13–15, Harvard Surgical Unit.

Nathaniel S. Hunting, '84, M.D. '89, Harvard Surgical Unit.
James P. Hutchinson, '90, M.D. (Univ. of Pa.) '93, American Ambulance Hospital, Paris.
Dwight H. Ingram, '16, Y.M.C.A. Army Hut Work.
John S. Irvin, '08, M.D. (Columbia) '12, Resident Surgeon, French Hospital, Passy.
W. O'D. Iselin, '05, helped organize American Ambulance Hospital; also assisted in American Embassy, Paris.
George S. Jackson, '05, Relief Work in Belgium.
Robert A. Jackson, '99, Relief Work in Belgium.
Leslie P. Jacobs, '17, American Ambulance Service.
Henry James, Jr., '99, War Relief Commission, Rockefeller Foundation.
Francis Jaques, '03, American Ambulance Service.
Augustus Jay, '00, 1st Secretary, American Embassy, Rome.
Allyn R. Jennings, *s*G.S. '14–15, Amer. Ambulance Service.
William B. Johnston, '97, M.D. (Johns Hopkins) '01, in charge of small hospital in France.
Daniel Fiske Jones, '92, M.D. '96, Chief Surgeon, Harvard Surgical Unit.
V. K. Kazanjian, D.M.D. '05, Harvard Surgical Unit.
W. W. Kent, '16, Secretary, American Citizens' Relief Committee, London.
Day Kimball, '15, American Embassy, Paris.
David W. King, '16, Foreign Legion, French Army.
Lucius C. Kingman, M.D. '04, Harvard Surgical Unit.
Abraham Krachmalnikoff, '16, service in Russian Army.
P. B. Kurtz, '16, American Ambulance Service.
Walter M. Lacey, M.D. '12, Harvard Surgical Unit.
Walter A. Lane, M.D. '99, Harvard Surgical Unit.
Charles N. Lathrop, '96, Relief Work in Belgium.
J. L. Lathrop, '18, Morgan-Harjes Ambulance Service.
Richard Lawrence, '02, American Ambulance Service, formed first motor-ambulance section sent to front.

PEIRCE H. LEAVITT, '10, M.D. '14, Harvard Surgical Unit.
ROGER I. LEE, '02, M.D. '05, Harvard Surgical Unit.
LOUIS V. LEMOYNE, '84, Relief Work in Belgium.
D. W. LEWIS, '14, American Ambulance Service.
P. C. LEWIS, '17, American Ambulance Service, received Croix de Guerre.
HOWARD B. LINES, LL.B. '15, American Ambulance Service.
ROBERT LITTELL, '18, American Ambulance Service.
WALTER LOVELL, '07, American Ambulance Service, received Croix de Guerre; joined French Aviation Corps.
C. T. LOVERING, Jr., '02, American Ambulance Service, succeeded Filley, '06, in command of motor-ambulance section.
ALFRED LUGER, Assistant in Medical School, '13–14; attached to Medical Corps, Austrian Army.
FRED B. LUND, '88, M.D. '92, Harvard Surgical Unit.
GEORGE H. LYMAN, '16, American Ambulance Service.
J. O. LYMAN, '06, American Ambulance Service.
CHARLES F. MCDONALD, Jr., D.M.D. '10, Harvard Surgical Unit.
WILBERT LORNE MACDONALD, Ph.D. '12, Canadian Expeditionary Force.
D. D. L. MCGREW, '03, American Ambulance Service.
FRANCIS P. MAGOUN, Jr., '16, American Ambulance Service.
HAROLD MARION-CRAWFORD, '11, 2d Lieutenant, Irish Guards, killed at Givenchy.
AUSTIN B. MASON, '08, American Ambulance Service.
CLYDE FAIRBANKS MAXWELL, '14, Lieutenant, 10th Battalion, Essex Infantry; killed in action on the Somme, July 3, 1916.
HANS F. MAYER, G.S. '12–13, Volunteer with German Army in France.
JOHN MELCHER, '17, American Ambulance Service.
J. M. MELLEN, '17, American Ambulance Service, received Croix de Guerre.
L. J. A. MERCIER, Instructor in French; Chief Interpreter at Le Mans, France.

R. B. Merriman, '96, American Embassy, London.
Ernest N. Merrington, Ph.D. '05, Senior Chaplain to New Zealand and Australian Division at Anzac, Gallipoli, and in Egypt.
Edward P. Merritt, '82, Hospital Work at Aix-les-Bains.
Chalmers Jack Mersereau, A.M. '09, Artillery Major, Canadian Expeditionary Force, seriously wounded.
Carleton Ray Metcalf, '02, M.D. '06, Harvard Surgical Unit.
H. H. Metcalf, '17, American Ambulance Service.
Philip O. Mills, '05, American Ambulance Service.
G. W. Minot, '15, Attaché, American Embassy, Berlin.
Clarence V. S. Mitchell, L. '13–14, Ambulance Service in France.
W. Jason Mixter, M.D. '06, American Hospital, Paris.
Orlando F. Montgomery, M. '10–14, Harvard Surgical Unit.
John C. B. Moore, '18, American Ambulance Service.
R. L. Moore, '18, Morgan-Harjes Ambulance Service.
Charles D. Morgan, '06, American Ambulance Service, Lieutenant, R.F.A., British Army; wounded; awarded the Military Cross.
Stokeley W. Morgan, '16, American Embassy, London.
W. R. Morrison, '10, M.D., '13, Harvard Surgical Unit.
Philip R. Morss, '17, American Ambulance Service.
Harris P. Mosher, '92, M.D. '96, Harvard Surgical Unit.
Robert T. W. Moss, '94, American Ambulance Service in France; resigned in order to help in Serbia.
Alexander D. Muir, G.S. '12–15, 2d Lieutenant, Black Watch, British Army.
Ector O. Munn, '14, American Ambulance Service.
Gurnee Munn, '11, American Ambulance Service.
John Munroe, '13, American Ambulance Service.
Fred T. Murphy, M.D. '01, Amer. Ambulance Hospital, Paris.
J. Tucker Murray, '99, Captain, 2d Reserve Battalion, Duke of Wellington's Regiment.

HENRY L. NASH, '16, Y.M.C.A. Army Hut Work.

A. F. NEWELL, And. '14–16, Y.M.C.A. Army Hut Work.

EDWARD H. NICHOLS, '86, M.D. '92, Chief Surgeon, Harvard Surgical Unit.

Sir HENRY NORMAN, '81, Managing Red Cross Hospital, organized and equipped by his wife and himself.

RICHARD NORTON, '92, organized and in active charge of American Volunteer Motor Ambulance Corps, awarded Croix de Guerre.

W. G. OAKMAN, Jr., '07, joined English Army, drove armored motors with British Expeditionary Force in Dardanelles; Lieutenant, 2d Battalion, Coldstream Guards; wounded in France.

J. R. OLIVER, '94, Head Physician, Military Garrison Hospital, Innsbruck, 14th Division, Austrian Army.

THOMAS EDWARD OLIVER, '93, Belgian Relief Commission, France and Brussels.

LITHGOW OSBORNE, '15, American Embassy, Berlin.

GEORGE OSGOOD, M.D. '05, Harvard Surgical Unit.

ROBERT B. OSGOOD, M.D. '99, American Ambulance Hospital Unit.

GEORGE B. PACKARD, Jr., M.D. '14, Harvard Surgical Unit.

HENRY B. PALMER, '10, American Ambulance Service.

HARRISON L. PARKER, D.M.D. '13, Harvard Surgical Unit.

DILLWYN PARRISH, '18, Morgan-Harjes Ambulance Service.

W. BARCLAY PARSONS, Jr., '10, American Ambulance Service.

J. G. D'A. PAUL, '08, American Embassy, Paris and Bordeaux.

CHARLES W. PEABODY, '12, M.D. '16, Harvard Surgical Unit.

WALDO PEIRCE, '07, American Ambulance Service; received Croix de Guerre.

ROBERT E. PELLISSIER, '04, Sergeant, Chasseurs Alpins, French Army; killed in action on the Somme, August 29, 1916.

DUNLAP PEARCE PENHALLOW, '03, M.D. '06, Chief Surgeon, American Women's War Hospital, Paignton, England, 1915–16.

J. R. O. Perkins, '14, American Ambulance Service.
Sir George H. Perley, '78, Acting High Commissioner and High Commissioner for Canada in London.
John K. T. Philips, '17, Morgan-Harjes Ambulance Service.
John C. Phillips, '99, M.D., '04, Harvard Surgical Unit.
Edward M. Pickman, '08, American Embassy, Paris.
George B. Pierce, '93, M.D. '98, French Hospital Service at Fort Mahon.
Thomas R. Plummer, '84, American Embassy, Paris.
Charles A. Porter, '88, M.D. '92, Harvard Surgical Unit.
Régis H. Post, '91, American Ambulance Service, Adjutant of Ambulance Staff.
William H. Potter, '78, D.M.D. '85, Dental Surgeon in American Ambulance Hospital, Paris.
H. H. Powel, '14, American Ambulance Service.
Norman Prince, '08, organized American Squadron, French Aviation Service, with Frazier Curtis, '98; received Croix de Guerre and Medaille Militaire; killed in France, October, 1916.
T. J. Putnam, '15, American Ambulance Service, received Croix de Guerre.
Winthrop Pyemont, L. '13–14, serving in British Army.
Alexander Quackenboss, M.D. '92, Harvard Surgical Unit.
W. K. Rainsford, '04, American Ambulance Service.
Wayne S. Ramsey, M.D. '12, Harvard Surgical Unit.
Daniel B. Reardon, M.D. '03, Harvard Surgical Unit.
John S. Reed, '10, War Correspondent.
Philip S. Reed, '05, American Ambulance Hospital, Paris.
Philip N. Rhinelander, '18, American Ambulance Service.
A. Hamilton Rice, '98, M.D. '04, Surgical Work in Paris Hospitals.
Durant Rice, '12, American Ambulance Service, received Croix de Guerre.
Paul M. Rice, '15, assisted American Citizens' Relief Committee, London.

ERNEST T. F. RICHARDS, M.D. (McGill) '05, Assistant in Neuropathology, '07–11; Harvard Surgical Unit.

EDWARD P. RICHARDSON, '02, M.D. '06, Harvard Surgical Unit.

N. THAYER ROBB, '93, American Ambulance Service.

SIMON P. ROBINEAU, L. '09–12, serving in French Army.

CARL MERRILL ROBINSON, M.D. '11, Harvard Surgical Unit.

PHILLIPS B. ROBINSON, '03, Volunteer in Preparing Passports on Staff of American Embassy, London; joined British Red Cross Corps as Volunteer Ambulance chauffeur for service in France.

ORVILLE F. ROGERS, Jr., '08, M.D. '12, American Ambulance Hospital Unit.

NICHOLAS ROOSEVELT, '14, American Embassy, Paris.

OLIVER W. ROOSEVELT, '12, Volunteer Service in the Cantine de la Gare du Nord, caring for French and Belgians.

ARTHUR B. RUHL, '99, War Correspondent.

LAURENCE RUMSEY, '08, American Ambulance Service; French Aviation Service.

CHARLES H. RUSSELL, Jr., '15, American Embassy, Berlin.

DANIEL SARGENT, '13, American Ambulance Service.

ROBERT R. SATTLER, M. '18, Harvard Surgical Unit.

THEODORE R. SCHOONMAKER, '12, with Dr. Strong in Serbia.

ALAN SEEGER, '10, Foreign Legion, French Army; killed, July, 1916.

A. W. SELLARDS, Associate in Tropical Medicine; with Dr. Strong in Serbia.

HENRY SETON, '17, American Ambulance Service.

WILLIAM L. SHANNON, *s*M. '13–14, Captain in Field Ambulance Service sailing from Canada.

GEORGE C. SHATTUCK, '01, M.D. '05, with Dr. Strong in Serbia; Harvard Surgical Unit.

VERNON SHAW-KENNEDY, '16, 3d Coldstream Guards, 1st Guards Brigade, British Expeditionary Force, France.

GEORGE MAURICE SHEAHAN, '02, M.D. '07, Harvard Surgical Unit.

HENRY B. SHEAHAN, '09, American Ambulance Service.

WILLIAM C. SHEFFIELD, M. '18, with Dr. Strong in Serbia.

CHARLES W. SHORT, Jr., '08, Assistant Secretary, American Embassy, London; Director, Harvard Club of London War Relief Fund.

CHANNING C. SIMMONS, M.D. '99, Harvard Surgical Unit.

H. R. DEIGHTON SIMPSON, '18, 2d Lieutenant, 6th Dragoons; Royal Flying Corps, British Army, mentioned for gallant and distinguished services in the field by Field Marshal Sir John French.

RICHARD H. SIMPSON, A.M. '12, Relief Work in Belgium.

WILLIAM A. SLATER, '14, American Ambulance Service.

JAMES H. SMITH, Jr., '02, American Ambulance Service.

JEREMIAH SMITH, Jr., '92, War Relief Commission, Rockefeller Foundation.

J. ROBINSON SMITH, G.S. '99–00, Relief Work in Belgium.

MARIUS N. SMITH-PETERSEN, M.D. '14, American Ambulance Hospital Unit.

FRANK W. SNOW, M.D. '02, Harvard Surgical Unit.

EDWARD C. SORTWELL, '11, American Ambulance Service.

RICHARD B. SOUTHGATE, '15, in Bank of American Citizens' Association in Berne, Switzerland.

ISAAC C. SPICER, LL.B. '13, joined Ammunition Corps at Fredericton, N.B.

CHARLES B. SPRUIT, M.D. '15, with Dr. Strong in Serbia.

JOHN J. STACK, M.D. '07, with Dr. Strong in Serbia.

E. BIRNEY STACKPOLE, G.S. '00–01, Princess Patricia Regiment of Canada.

T. HARWOOD STACY, L. '11–12, Relief Work in Belgium.

HORACE B. STANTON, '00, Secretary, American Distributing Service in France.

DILLWYN P. STARR, '08, served in France as member of American Volunteer Motor-Ambulance Corps of London; drove armored motors with British Expeditionary Force in the Dardanelles; Lieutenant, 2d Battalion, Coldstream Guards; killed in action in France, September 15, 1916.

ROLAND W. STEBBINS, '03, American Ambulance Service.

FREDERICK A. STERLING, '98, American Embassy at Petrograd, special work with Austrian and German prisoners.

HAROLD W. STEVENS, M. '09–10, Harvard Surgical Unit.

JOSEPH H. STEVENSON, '09, American Ambulance Service.

EDWARD M. STONE, '08, Foreign Legion, French Army, Machine Gun Section; died from wounds in military hospital at Romilly, France.

BYRON P. STOOKEY, M.D. '13, Harvard Surgical Unit.

A. GALE STRAW, M.D. '90, Harvard Surgical Unit.

RICHARD P. STRONG, Professor of Tropical Medicine; American Ambulance Hospital Unit, in charge of Red Cross work against typhus in Serbia.

FRANK STUHL, D.M.D. '05, American Ambulance Hospital, Paris.

HENRY M. SUCKLEY, '10, American Ambulance Service, received Croix de Guerre.

WILLIAM M. SULLIVAN, L. '13–14, American Ambulance Service.

F. C. DE SUMICHRAST, Associate Professor of French, Emeritus; Captain, Ealing and Hanwell Battalion, 10th Middlesex Regiment, National Reserve.

LOUIS A. SUSSDORFF, '10, American Embassy, Paris.

ARTHUR SWEETSER, '11, War Correspondent.

CHARLES W. TAINTOR, 2d, '18, American Ambulance Service.

GEORGE F. TALBOT, '16, American Ambulance Service.

MELVIN F. TALBOT, '16, American Ambulance Service.

GEORGE S. TAYLOR, '08, attached to a French Hospital.

HAROLD W. V. TEMPERLEY, Lecturer on History, '11–12; Lieutenant in Fife and Forfar Yeomanry, British Army.

JOHN JENKS THOMAS, A.M. and M.D. '90, Harvard Surgical Unit.

PAUL TISON, '18, Morgan-Harjes Ambulance Service.

HAROLD G. TOBEY, M.D. '11, Harvard Surgical Unit.

EDWARD B. TOWNE, '06, M.D. '13, Harvard Surgical Unit.

JAMES C. TRUMBULL, '12, Assistant to Eliot Wadsworth, '98, in Work with War Relief Commission, Rockefeller Foundation.

PERCY R. TURNURE, '94, M.D. (Columbia) '98, Chateau Passy Hospital, near Sens, France.

ABRAM L. VAN METER, M.D. '13, Harvard Surgical Unit.

JOHN B. VAN SCHAICK, L. '88–89, Relief Work in Belgium.

RUFUS A. VAN VOAST, M.D. '06, Assistant to Dr. Martin in Foreign Legion, French Army.

HENRY R. VIETS, Jr., M.D. '16, Harvard Surgical Unit.

BETH VINCENT, '98, M.D. '02, American Ambulance Hospital Unit.

ROBERT H. VOSE, M.D. '96, Harvard Surgical Unit.

ELIOT WADSWORTH, '98, War Relief Commission, Rockefeller Foundation.

HORACE S. WAITE, '09, Chauffeur for English Expeditionary Force in Northern France.

FRANCIS COX WALKER, '94, Lieutenant, 3d Regiment, Canadian Garrison Artillery.

JOHN M. WALKER, '11, American Ambulance Service, received Croix de Guerre.

JOSEPH WALKER, LL.B. '90, Chairman of Sub-Committee on Transportation; later Chairman of Lucerne-American Relief Committee.

RICHARD C. WARE, '04, American Ambulance Service.

PAUL B. WATSON, Jr., '15, American Ambulance Service.

WILLIAM B. WEBSTER, Jr., '11, American Ambulance Service.

REGINALD H. WELLER, '11, American Ambulance Service.

HAROLD F. WESTON, '16, Y.M.C.A. Army Hut Work.

WALTER H. WHEELER, Jr., '18, American Ambulance Service, received Croix de Guerre.

PAUL D. WHITE, '08, M.D. '11, Harvard Surgical Unit.

HERBERT H. WHITE, '93, Business Manager, Harvard Surgical Unit.

CROSBY CHURCH WHITMAN, '85, in charge of two small hospitals for officers and men, in Paris; died March 29, 1916.

RICHARD WHORISKEY, '97, assisted at American Consulate, Hanover, Germany.

FRANCIS C. WICKES, LL.B. '15, Relief Work in Belgium.

BERTRAM WILLIAMS, '18, American Ambulance Service.

GEORGE WILLIAMSON, '05, Lieutenant in English Army in Belgium; died of wounds November 12, 1914; believed to be first Harvard man killed in the War.

HAROLD B. WILLIS, '12, American Ambulance Service, received Croix de Guerre.

CHARLES S. WILSON, '97, 1st Secretary, American Embassy, Petrograd; fitted up American Embassy at Petrograd, at own expense, as hospital to care for wounded Russian soldiers.

EDWIN C. WILSON, '17, American Ambulance Service.

GEORGE GRAFTON WILSON, Professor of International Law; U.S. Legal Adviser to American Legation at the Hague.

PHILIP D. WILSON, '09, M.D. '12, American Ambulance Hospital Unit.

CHARLES P. WINSOR, '17, American Ambulance Service.

PAUL WITHINGTON, '09, M.D. '14, Harvard Surgical Unit.

ROBERT WITHINGTON, '06, Commission for Relief in Belgium, first in Limbourg and then in Antwerp.

OLIVER WOLCOTT, '13, American Ambulance Service.

PHILIP H. WOOD, '16, American Ambulance Service.

ROBERT W. WOOD, '16, American Ambulance Service.

DIED IN THE WAR

HARRY GUSTAV BYNG, '13; killed, May 16, 1915, while fighting in British Army near Festubert, France.

ANDRÉ C. CHAMPOLLION, '02; killed, March 23, 1915, in trenches at Bois-le-Prêtre, France.

VICTOR EMMANUEL CHAPMAN, '13; killed in action, June 23, 1916, fighting for France at Verdun.

ALLEN M. CLEGHORN, Assistant in Physiology, Harvard Medical School, '98–00; Captain in Royal Army Medical Corps; died in England, March 20, 1916, after brief illness.

HENRY AUGUSTUS COIT, '10; died, August 7, 1916, at French military hospital of injuries received at front.

CHARLES ROBERT CROSS, Jr., '03; killed, October 8, 1915, doing ambulance duty in France.

FRITZ DAUR, S.T.M. '14; killed, November 20, 1914, while fighting in German Army in Flanders.

CALVIN WELLINGTON DAY, G.S. '12–14; killed, April 27, 1915, while fighting in British Army at Ypres.

HENRY WESTON FARNSWORTH, '12; killed, September 29, 1915, while fighting in Foreign Legion at Tahure.

MERRILL STANTON GAUNT, And. '14–16; died, April 3, 1916, of cerebro-spinal meningitis in hospital at Bar-le-Duc, while in Morgan-Harjes Ambulance Service.

HAROLD MARION-CRAWFORD, '11; killed, in spring of 1915, while fighting in British Army at Givenchy.

CLYDE FAIRBANKS MAXWELL, '14; killed in action on the Somme, July 3, 1916.

ROBERT EDOUARD PELLISSIER, '04; killed in action on the Somme, August 29, 1916.

NORMAN PRINCE, '08; killed in France, October, 1916.

ALAN SEEGER, '10; killed in action on the Somme, July, 1916.

DILLWYN PARRISH STARR, '08; killed in action in France, September 15, 1916.

EDWARD MANDELL STONE, '08; died, February 27, 1915, in military hospital at Romilly, France, from wounds received while fighting in Foreign Legion.

CROSBY CHURCH WHITMAN, '86; died, March 29, 1916, in service at Paris hospital.

GEORGE WILLIAMSON, '05; died, November 12, 1914, in Belgium, of wounds received while fighting in British Army.

The following Harvard men were lost in the sinking of the *Lusitania*, May 7, 1915: CARLTON THAYER BRODRICK, '08; RICHARD RICH FREEMAN, Jr., '09; EDWIN WILLIAM FRIEND, '08; ELBERT HUBBARD, '97; HERBERT STUART STONE, '94.

GEORGE PERKINS KNAPP, '87, died at Diarbekir, Asiatic Turkey, on or about August 7, 1915, from fever or poison, after helping Armenians who sought refuge at his mission when Turkey entered the War.

PRINTED AT
THE HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
CAMBRIDGE, MASS., U.S.A.